



SATURDAY NIGHT.

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THE FRONT PAGE

SOME photographs are published on this page to-day which go far towards explaining a growing attitude of mind on the part of the people of Toronto, which some describe as socialistic, and deplore accordingly. Toronto, as a municipality, stands with fists up in the posture of a boxer, ready either to strike or guard. In the courts, in the legislature, in the Commons and the Senate, before the Railway Commission, far across the ocean where the venerable Privy Council sits wondering what to do with cases its members cannot possibly understand—wherever big-wigs assemble to ponder disputed issues, there Toronto is represented by learned counsel or protesting deputations, and back daily to our brown stone city hall comes the news by cable, telegraph, telephone, registered letter or travel-stained messenger: "The City's contentions were thrown out."

The municipality is fighting entrenched capital in all its fortresses—the street car company, the electric light, gas, power, telephone, the steam railways, the liquor trade. The local newspapers, whether they guide or follow public opinion, are pounding away in favor of the abolition of political patronage, the adoption of important law reforms, the public ownership of various public services; the regulation of insurance, trust and all kinds of companies. In fact we are having a whale of a time and people at a distance are quite at a loss to understand the meaning of it all.

If you ask the Senator or member of Parliament at Ottawa who is promoting a bill against which Toronto is fighting, to explain the city's attitude, he will reply that Toronto is in the hands of agitators and a screaming sisterhood of newspapers. If you put the same question to one of the lobbyists at the Legislature, he will reply that his particular project is calculated to benefit the province at large, but the city seeks to block him in order to drive an impossible hard bargain with him. These replies seem to carry weight both at Ottawa and in the Legislature, and we may as well face the fact that while the city of Toronto is becoming mightily dissatisfied with the usage received at the hands of parliamentary and legislative committees, these committees are becoming equally dissatisfied with the importunities and reproaches of Toronto.

THOSE who really think that the people of Toronto are unreasonable in many of their demands and over-cautious in their efforts to guard municipal rights from invasion at the hands of private corporations—those, even, who admit with regret that they see the people of this city grow socialistic without knowing it—should ask themselves what is working this change in a busy and intelligent people.

The pictures on this page give one part of the answer. Exactly four years ago, on the night of April 19, 1904, thirteen acres of buildings in this city were destroyed by a great conflagration. The fire swept through the wholesale business section in the very heart of the city, roughly speaking between Yonge and York streets and below Wellington. The core of the city was burned away. But with fine business energy men started to rebuild, and a period of tremendous activity opened. Plans were drawn, contracts let, and over the wreckage of fire men swarmed like bees. But soon, on the main area of the burnt region, all work was stopped, all projects cancelled, for the railway companies declared their desire to expropriate the place as a site for a new Union Station. Individual owners or leaseholders fought to retain the ground they had formerly occupied, argued before the City Council, the Railway Committee at Ottawa, the Railway Commission—all to no purpose. The land the railways wanted in the heart of the city they must have. It seems they may have it whether they want it or not—it seems it must be reserved for them, year after year, until they do want it.

So there, acre on acre, at the core of the city, lie the ruins of the fire, year after year!

As a people we have these acres of ruins in the centre of the city—acres of convincing evidence that powerful companies are beyond the reach of law and government, but may do as they will even where the simplest rights of a great city are involved. They can claim that land as if it were a spot in the wilderness, and hold it year after year unimproved as no individual could do if he were taking up a free grant farm in the Parry Sound district. It appears that no authority whatever, whether of government, the courts or the Railway Commission, can take the companies to task and compel them to lift the blight they have cast over the area that used to be the business centre of Toronto. There appears to exist no authority harsh

enough to issue the order that the companies must at least clear away the wreckage—the ruined walls, twisted iron girders, the tumbled sea of bricks.

THE injury covers not only the land the railway companies covet but do not use. The blight extends across the street, for while the uncertainty lasts and that wide stretch of wreckage remains, men will not tear down the ruins north of Front street and put up new buildings. On the north side private enterprise was scared off when the railways got the south side into their grip. Little, if any, building has been done there except what was begun before the railways seized their site and left it, preserved in ashes, for use at some future time. That large area lies dead. In the past four years hundreds of thousands of strangers have gazed on that scene of devastation, expressing surprise that Toronto should lack the enterprise to rebuild—not knowing that the people of this city are in no way to blame, but that the fault lies with those national authorities who permit great railway corporations to work their will alike over cities, towns, farm-lands and

speaking of them without anger. Advertising which produces any such effect is badly conceived, and the money spent in that way is worse than wasted. There is no reason why a few persons, in the hope of gain, should be allowed to offend the eyes of the many. The only object in posting a sign is in order that people may see it, and the object in making it large and striking is to force people to see it. But if people do not want to see it, resent the seeing of it, should they not be competent to cause its removal? If the place be a public one, where people must pass in their comings and goings, every consideration of justice supports the contention that the public should be consulted. If a man wants people to look at a huge sign which they do not want to look at, he should be unable to exhibit the thing. He is in a minority; his object is a selfish one; he should be sat upon.

Take College street in Toronto as an example. The street is an important one running west from Yonge; it has a car service; along part of its length it is pretty well built up with handsome residences, many of them occupied by doctors and other professional men. There are

Railway Company, which is on the defensive in a shockingly large number of inquests held in the city. It does not look like a sound and reasonable position for a man to be in. It looks like a dual relation of the utmost impropriety in character. Surely the salaried agent of the company should have nothing whatever to say in directing the inquest over the remains of a poor creature crushed beneath the wheels of one of the company's cars. No two positions in the city could well be so irreconcilable, and the company could readily get another medical expert or the city another Chief Coroner. Dr. Johnston may have all the merits and virtues imaginable, but surely no man should occupy such a dual position as his.

GUY PEARSE BAGNALL, of Vernon, B.C., has a letter in the London Daily Mail advocating an imperial news-service. He says the "stay-at-homes" learn too little of the Empire. He has found in his own travels that the geography of the Empire is a hopeless tangle in the minds of not a few. "Only about a year ago," he says, "I was in Winnipeg, and I told a Canadian lady that I came from Natal. She asked: 'What part of the Northwest is that in?' While Mr. Bagnall is right enough in saying that there is widespread confusion as to the geography of the Empire, a word or two may be said by way of excuse for the error of the Winnipeg lady. Living at the portals of the West where new towns spring up in the night, how was she to know that Mr. Bagnall was not mayor of a town a fortnight old and already, in the opinion of its inhabitants, famous? She erred on the safe side; it may be that she was not weak on geography but rich in tact.

People in old countries, and even in the older parts of Canada, have but a faint idea of the numbers of new railway stations and post-offices that come into being in a year in that vast country beyond Winnipeg. At the banquet tendered to Messrs. Mackenzie and Mann in Toronto last year, Mr. Mann, in his speech, stated that they had, as far as they had gone with their railway lines, created one hundred and fifty new towns—that is to say, railway stations, around which towns are growing up, in some cases rapidly, and, no doubt, in all cases hopefully. This year the Grand Trunk Pacific will not only open up Prince Rupert, its terminal on the Pacific, with it is expected, a population of twenty thousand in the first month, but will this spring place on the market about eighty town-sites along its new line from Winnipeg to Saskatoon. The C.P.R. also places fifty-one new town-sites on the market this spring, and the C.N.R. quite a few, although I cannot state the exact number. Names have to be chosen for all these places, as well as for those points, many times more numerous, where railways have not yet come, but where the convenience of settlers requires the establishment of post-offices, schools, stores, hotels. Judging from results, it must be difficult to find enough suitable place-names. If some ambitious little board town has not as yet called itself Natal it is merely because nobody has thought of it.

FORT WILLIAM has been patient for long with the Doukhobors who drifted into that city last year and have violated the notions of civilized people the world over, by refusing to wear clothing. They have made of themselves a local nuisance and general scandal. The other day nineteen of these people, ten men and nine women, started to parade up town in their nakedness, but were arrested, wrapped in blankets, and brought before Magistrate Palling, who committed the men to serve six months in the Central Prison, and the women to six months in the Mercer Reformatory. Others yet remain in the colony, and no doubt they will have to be locked up in the same manner. As was remarked in these columns a fortnight ago, these people cannot be converted by sending them tracts, but perhaps they will understand the meaning of locked doors. If they insist that it is their duty to go naked, society will insist that they shan't go far, nor where others may see them. Freedom of conscience should be pretty fully assured to any people from anywhere who settle among us, but this freedom from clothes is quite another matter, and one in which the consciences of others have an active interest.

Here and there you meet with a person who professes to believe that the Doukhobors, living up to their simple faith, should be gently dealt with. However gently, there should be no lack of firmness in our demand that they must keep their clothes on or be shut up in rooms so small that the walls will serve as garments. For the benefit of those who may be disposed to show a soft-hearted sympathy for these people, it may be well to say that those who go naked are but a few of the sect, and are repudiated by the clan at large. Their crazy attitude



LOOKING NORTH—PRESENT VIEW OF THE RUINS OF THE FIRE OF FOUR YEARS AGO.



LOOKING OVER THE LAKE—SHOWING THE GAP IN THE BUSINESS CENTRE OF THE CITY.

AN INJUSTICE TO AN ENTERPRISING CITY

THE AREA IN THE HEART OF TORONTO BURNED OVER IN THE GREAT FIRE OF FOUR YEARS AGO, WAS SEIZED UPON BY THE RAILWAYS, AND STILL REMAINS A WIDE AND REPELLANT EXPANSE OF RUIN AND DISORDER. IT IS NOT ONLY AN EYESORE, BUT IS DEPRECIATING THE VALUE OF PROPERTY IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD, AND MAKING THE LAKEFRONT EASY OF CONQUEST BY THE RAILWAYS.

wilderness districts. Thousands of tourists from the neighboring Republic have gazed on the scene and accepted it as proof that Canadians are slow. They talk of what Baltimore has done, and how San Francisco is rising from her ashes. These dead acres lie at the very gateways of the city, with the railways on one hand and the lake boats on the other, unloading their streams of travellers.

WITH this injustice ranking in the minds of the people, and with all appeals either to the railway companies or the national authorities to grant relief, resulting in nothing, need anybody wonder if Toronto shows discontent? The city had two electric light companies pledged not to merge, yet merged they are. The city made an agreement with the street railway people, drawn by the ablest lawyers and ratified by the Legislature—the courts find that its provisions mean nothing of all that was definitely understood between the parties at the time it was drawn. It is curious to hear men complain about the tendency of opinion in Toronto to shift towards public ownership and socialism, while these same men profess inability to see why opinion so shifts. The reasons are all about them. An existing system will not earn respect when wholly failing to deserve it. If contracts are to be respected by either party, there must be some show of it by both—or men will begin to think along new lines. Corporations must not exhibit contempt on all occasions for public rights or the spirit of hatred against them will grow. There is much popular discontent with the power certain great private companies exercise, with the influence they exert in politics, with the favors heaped on them in parliaments and legislatures, and with the luck that attends their skillful conduct of cases in the courts.

Would it not be well for those in authority over us to give thought to the spread of this discontent?

AT various times considerable public indignation has been expressed about the disfigurement of natural scenery by the placing of huge signs just where they will do most to mar the beauty of the view. The men who pay for these signs must be unaware of the resentment their crass commercialism incurs; they cannot know that, while many see these signs few, if any, think of them or

some vacant lots, and on many of these are erected huge bill-boards covered with theatrical posters and flaming announcements about breakfast foods, hats, pills, cigarettes and what-not. In some cases you will see a fine residence standing back on its lawn, and to the right and left of it, huge boards, flush with the pavement, and covered with screaming posters of vaudeville and melodrama. It is most unjust to those who reside on the street and who do their best to preserve its superior residential character. Apart altogether from the general question of bill-boards there is a branch of the subject here that the municipal government might deal with separately, and it would offer the suggestion that certain streets, or parts of them should be declared residential and on these no billboards should be erected, and no hand agents' signs above a specified size. It is not fair to those who build handsome houses back from the street line that owners of vacant adjoining lots, who hold their lands for profit and do nothing to build up the locality, should derive revenue from bill-boards that disfigure the neighborhood, and which, built flush against the street line, hem in the nearby houses and shut off their view of the street. Why should a few men be allowed to daub up the town as is being done?

WHEN a child was killed by a street car in Toronto the other day one of the evening papers in its report of the tragedy said that Chief Coroner Johnston, "owing to the fact that he is surgeon for the street railway company will not conduct the inquest, but has instructed Dr. — to do so." Is it not rather curious that Chief Coroner Johnston should consent to occupy these dual positions? Is it not equally curious that the Crown should consent to it?

If John Smith is so unfortunate as to get struck by a street car and badly injured, and if he goes to the company to seek damages, Dr. Johnston is the medical man who on behalf of the company examines him and protects the company against exaggerated claims. And if John Smith is still more unfortunate and gets killed by a street car, Dr. Johnston is the medical officer who on behalf of the people directs the holding of an inquest, and names the coroner who shall officiate.

At one and the same time Dr. Johnston is Chief Coroner acting for the Crown, and medical expert for the Street

might, if the truth could be learned, prove to have its origin not in a perverted religious notion, but in the Slav peasants' coarse idea of humor, joined with a desire to shock society and embarrass the authorities. These undress parades were unknown in Russia, where the Doukhobors enjoyed all the trouble they wanted without seeking it in this way. Their fathers did not practice nor their religious teachers instruct them in this and other mad notions they have embraced since coming to Canada.

JUST before Mr. Asquith became Prime Minister he was acting-Premier as well as Chancellor of the Exchequer, and was a very busy man. One morning his chauffeur was up in Bow street police court charged with driving a motor-car in St. James's Park at a rate of speed greater than the law allows. "I had Mr. Asquith in the car," explained the chauffeur, "and I have to make the best of my way when he is there, as he is very busy at this time." The magistrate enquired what this excuse signified where a breach of the law had occurred. The chauffeur asked if Mr. Asquith, as acting-Premier Minister, was not privileged in a matter like this. The court thought not, and imposed a fine of £4 and 2s. costs.

They do these things very well in England. In Canada or the United States even a city alderman would not be stopped by a park policeman, or, if stopped, on his identity being known, all proceedings would end. In England the idea seems to be that if the laws are to be respected they must be enforced, and that respect for law cannot be better taught than by imposing fines on the highest in the land.

REV. DR. LONG, whose stories about wild animals aroused the anger of President Roosevelt, has been getting into another muddle. Fine man though he is, he seems to possess the gentle art of getting into trouble. He had been up to Algonquin Park, and on returning to Montreal, where he has many admirers, he gave an interview to the press, in which he stated that "there are at present in Algonquin Park the corpses of at least a thousand and deer which have this season been killed by wolves." On the appearance of this startling assertion the Ottawa Free Press at once wrote to Mr. G. W. Bartlett, superintendent of the Park, inquiring if it were true. Mr. Bartlett replied, in part, as follows:

"Dr. Long is my personal friend, and I regret that this statement should appear in its present form. I don't for a moment think Dr. Long intended the public to understand that 'at the present moment,' as the interview would imply, there are a thousand carcasses of deer lying in Algonquin Park. It would be absurd for anyone to make that statement. Then Dr. Long was only in this section a short time and spent most of that time outside the Park limits. He and his companion, during the whole time they were here, saw two carcasses of deer killed by wolves, and these were some nine miles apart.

"While it is only too true that the wolves are numerous this year, more so than I ever saw them, and certainly do kill a great number of deer, it is far from correct to say, as your article does, that the wolves are exterminating the deer.

"In Algonquin Park the deer have increased in the past two years beyond belief, and everywhere over this two thousand square miles they are to be found in hundreds, the woods are literally padded with their tracks."

Superintendent Bartlett goes on to say that he has just returned from a two hundred mile tramp in the Park, and in all that journey saw only two carcasses of deer killed by wolves, and also the carcasses of eight wolves killed by the rangers. Altogether he only knows of nine or ten deer being killed by wolves this winter, although he is aware that many are killed, of which the rangers know nothing. This evidence from the man who, above all others should know the facts, seems quite destructive of Dr. Long's statement. However, a correspondent at Drule Lake, writes the Free Press to say that he thinks Dr. Long is nearer right than is Supt. Bartlett. "Within a radius of four miles from here," he writes, "there are now known to be the carcasses of four deer killed during the last ten days." Between two deer, or even four, and one thousand, there is room for a great deal of loose guess-work. Perhaps Mr. Bartlett rather underestimates the number of deer slain by wolves, while Dr. Long, in order to emphasize the need for action, exaggerates the destruction the wolves are doing. But it may be taken for granted that there will be gargantuan laughter in the White House when President Roosevelt reads that Dr. Long saw two dead deer while in Algonquin Park and reported the total number lying scattered over its area as one thousand.

PROFESSOR STIRLING, dean of the faculty of medicine at Manchester University, in a recent address said that "palmistry is an absolute absurdity—the thing is beneath contempt." Proceeding, he said: "Look at your palms and you will find certain classical lines. These lines, the so-called Lines of Life, Heart, and Head, the Girdle of Venus and the Bracelets of Life round your wrists—what do you suppose they really are? They are nothing more nor less than creases or folds produced by the action of the muscles. The Line of Heart, for instance, is the flexure of the four fingers, and the Line of Life is the result of the action of the thumb.

"All these lines that have been given astronomical names by the palmists are characteristic flexures. You will find the same lines on the palm of an orang-outang. Humanity is daily gullied through its extraordinary ignorance of the elementary facts of physiology."

ALFRED AUSTIN, poet-laureate, is one of several prominent men in England who have written to the press saying that the proposed monument to Shakespeare in London is a mistake, and will be a mere bit of trifling with a great man's fame. Austin quotes from some verse he has written on the subject:

"Rear pedestals to perishable stuff,
Gods for themselves are Monument enough."

SOME time ago the suggestion was made in these columns that the collection of Indian curios made by the late Dr. Oronhyatekha, the founder of the I.O.F., was too valuable to be lost, and might properly be presented to the University of Toronto or to the Provincial Museum. Those who value such a collection as this will be pleased to know that the collection has been turned over to the University where it will be prized and suitably preserved.

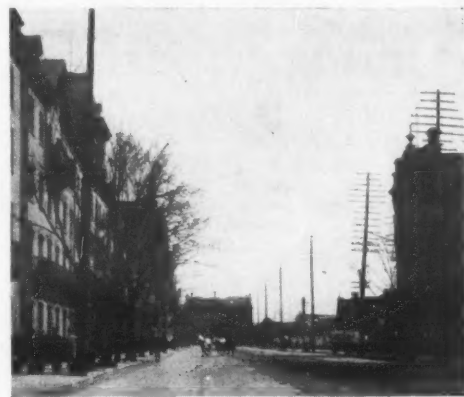
SYDNEY BROOKS, London correspondent for Harper's Weekly, concludes an illuminating article on Asquith and his rise to the position of Liberal leader and British Prime Minister, with this epigrammatic observation: "The party of all enthusiasms is destined to be led by the man with none."

ALWAYS

WHEN the ring dove is calling,
Down the woodland, little darling,
When the fields have grown green and all nature
is new,
When the gentle rain, falling
O'er the good land, little darling,
Makes the old world grow glad, then my heart
yearns for you.

WHEN the brown birds are winging
O'er the moorlands, little darling,
And the gray gull's adrift on the breast of the
blue,
Then I long for the warm clasp
Of your hand, little darling,
When the old world seems sad then my heart
yearns for you.

CY WARMAN.



A STRANGER in Toronto, walking up town from the Union Station, is confronted with a quarter-mile gap in the south side of Front street. It may be a park, he thinks. Coming along past the Queen's Hotel he sees on one side a good-looking row of substantial warehouses.

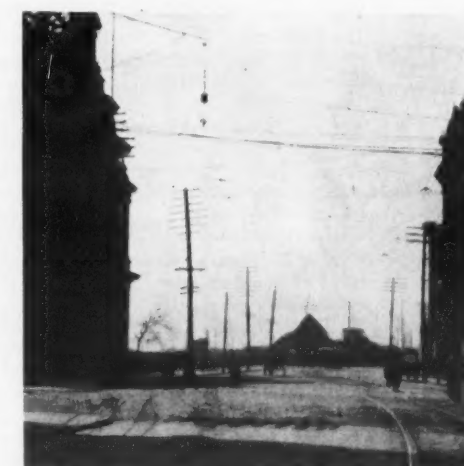


On the other side he has an unobstructed view of the shunting engines on the Esplanade and the first few boats on the sparkling waters of the bay.

But the intervening space is no park. Crossing the street he finds a desolate expanse of broken brick and crumbling cellar walls; there isn't much trace of fire, for the sun and the rains have bleached out all trace of embers. It begins to look like the ruins of ancient cities.



Farther along he looks back at the corner of Bay and Front streets. Half a block on the north side is occupied by advertising boards, perched like storks on the heaps of rubbish. Beyond, on Bay street, similar chasms lie between the warehouses.



Looking back along Front street from the corner of Yonge the stranger gets another view of the melancholy blank. A passer-by points out where the fire was finally checked, and replies to his inquiry: "Four years ago next Sunday."

A Canadian in Egypt.

THE RED SEA, MARCH 20.

Editor Saturday Night: It may be interesting to your readers to know that Mr. Currelly is working hard in Egypt making a collection of antiquities for the Toronto University and Ontario Museum. Mr. Currelly only has a comparatively small fund at his disposal for purchasing interesting articles and for carrying out his mission. At present Great Britain, America, France and Germany all have representatives in Egypt, and large sums of money at hand for their work. Egyptologists tell you that in two years' time there will be practically nothing left to be purchased or found, so fast are the excavations being made and so keen is the competition to secure the best relics of the past.

It therefore seems an opportune moment for Canadians

to start a fund to be devoted to the purchase of antiquities for the National Museum. The Dominion could not place this fund in better hands than in Mr. Currelly's, for he has worked long and well. His whole heart is in his work, and he is never tiring in his efforts to secure valuable specimens.

Those who have lately been to the museum in Cairo will see the result of his work, which shows that he is classed amongst the greatest Egyptologists of the time, and Canada should feel proud of one who has contributed largely to the success of the recent excavations. Mr. Currelly devotes his spare time to research on behalf of the Egyptian Government, and his services have been rewarded. He has lately discovered a valuable volume of the Koran, an extremely old work, which is magnificently illuminated, and which he hopes to send to Toronto if funds are available.

Canada has so few opportunities, and those who can give should not fail to do so at the present time.

H. S. SCOTT-HARDEN.

Les Illusions Perdues.

Editor Saturday Night: I was talking (or rather listening) the other day to a very clever and learned man—once an Oxford professor—and he says:

1. The Book of Genesis was not written by Moses, but is post-exilic.

2. Homer did not write either the Iliad or the Odyssey.

3. Neither William Tell nor Arnold von Winkelreid ever existed.

4. The story about George Washington and the cherry tree was invented by a New England schoolmaster, and has no foundation of fact.

5. The Duke of Wellington did not say, at Waterloo, "Up, guards, and at them!" but something quite different and much more lurid.

6. When our late Queen came downstairs (in her "nightie") to receive from the Archbishop of Canterbury and Lord Melbourne the news of her accession to the throne, she did not say: "I will be good. Pray for me."

7. When the Queen sent that celebrated wreath of primroses to be laid on Lord Beaconsfield's bier and had it marked "His favorite flower," she did not refer to Lord Beaconsfield, but to Prince Albert, who was to her the only "him."

Is he right?

INQUIRER.

SATURDAY NIGHT would not venture to decide upon these points, most of which have been subject of much discussion at one time or another. So far as the editor of this journal is concerned, he is not afraid to confess that he has a fondness for historical fallacies of beneficent intent, and parted with his belief in the story of Jack and the Beanstalk with extreme reluctance. Since that day bean planting has been to him a duller business than before. No doubt the traditions and hero-tales of a race are seldom true, yet serve their purpose quite as well. The cause of liberty has been promoted by the fiction about William Tell, and perhaps the world is better off in not having the precise words used by Wellington in the crisis of Waterloo.

ARBOR DAY was celebrated at Eynsford, Kent, by the planting of trees and a public meeting, one of the speakers saying that England has imported nine hundred millions worth of wood in the past fifty years, one-half of which might have been grown at home. The school children and three hundred visitors sang a song of which this was a part:

The timber in each English house
Norwegian is or Russian;
The trap we buy to catch a mouse
Is either French or Prussian;
The wood to make a three-legged stool
At home we can't obtain,
And that is why we ought to try
Plantation once again.

WITH the death of T. C. Patteson and Charles Lindsey, two men very different in method and temperament have been removed, but each in his way was a master workman, and each gave character and dignity to Canadian journalism. The life of Charles Lindsey was laborious and fruitful, he wrought well in the day of his strength, he cherished his own integrity, he lost no man's confidence, he commanded every man's respect, and he had length of days, and now a peaceful and quiet ending.—Toronto News.

PROF. HAUSER, of the Kaiser Friedrich Museum, at Berlin, claims to have discovered a painting by Rembrandt underneath a picture which had been sent to him for restoration by Humphrey Ward, husband of the novelist. The portrait is that of an ugly young man in reverie. Mr. Ward paid \$1,000 for the picture in London. Prof. Hauser says it is worth \$25,000, and in this he is supported by experts.

EDMONTON papers having claimed that the G.T.P. bridge at Clover Point has piers 131 feet high, "the highest in Canada," the Vancouver World rises to remark that a bridge built over the Fraser River has piers 151 feet high.

DR. W. B. GEIKIE, who was presented with a fine oil portrait of himself by a number of Trinity graduates one evening last week, had been dean of the medical faculty of Trinity for twenty-five years, not sixteen, as was erroneously stated last week.

UNDER the labor laws which operate in New Zealand, the Arbitration Court at Wellington has imposed a fine of \$350 on the Miners' Union, which created a recent strike in the Blackball Company's mines.



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IMPERIAL BANK OF CANADA

DIVIDEND NO. 71

Notice is hereby given that a dividend at the rate of Eleven Per Cent. Per Annum upon the Paid-up Capital Stock of this institution has been declared for the three months ending 30th April, 1908, and that the same will be payable at the Head Office and Branches

ON AND AFTER FRIDAY, THE 1st DAY OF MAY NEXT.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 17th to the 30th April, both days inclusive. The Annual Meeting of the Shareholders will be held at the Head Office of the Bank on Wednesday the 27th May, 1908, the chair to be taken at noon. By order of the Board.

D. R. WILKIE,
General Manager.
Toronto, Ont., 25th March, 1908.

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THE BEAUTIES OF HALCYON, B.C.

M. R. P. A. O'FARRELL, of New York, who is well-known in Toronto and in cities all across Canada, is perhaps the most intimate friend in America of T. P. O'Connor. When "Tay Pay" was in Toronto last year, Mr. O'Farrell was his bodyguard and his inseparable companion on his American tour. In the latest issue of T. P.'s Weekly appears a letter from Mr. O'Farrell describing the beauties of Halcyon, B.C., and it will interest many of our readers who know—or should know—the Arrow Lake country. He writes:

Twenty years ago, when I first sailed over the lonely waters of the Arrow Lakes, there was not a house, or a hut, or a log cabin, on either shore for its whole 150 miles. Not a hut or a hunter along its 300 miles of shoreline; all was strange, weird, wild, fascinating beauty. We did pass one canoe, in which we recognized some Kootenay Indians because of the uncanny and most melancholy chant that fell upon our ears. A Corsican priest lived among them and taught them this chant, and this was their weird interpretation of it. But save these few wandering savages, the Arrow Lakes were as lonely twenty years ago as in the dawn of the world's existence. Some of the old voyageurs had seen them, and some intrepid hunters had climbed the passes of the mountains above the lakes, and had looked down in a wonder, akin to that which filled the soul of Pizarro at the first sight of the Pacific, when all his men looked at each other with "a wild surmise, silent upon a peak in Darien."

And I have seen the wilderness transformed into fields of golden grain, and orchards, and flowers, and gardens, and lawns, where happy children played and sang, and have seen men and women grow young and happy, being sharers in the creation of a new world of altars and of happy homes. Only yesterday I sailed over these wonderful lakes again, but this time it was not in a skiff, as twenty years ago. I was in one of the excellently-appointed Canadian Pacific steamers that ply daily between Robson and Arrow Head. Already along the shores on either side the pioneer has done his work, and the meadow and the orchard and the garden have displaced the wood. The pear tree, the cherry, the apple, and the peach tree have supplanted the pine, the fir, the tamarack, and the cedar. Girt on every side by mighty mountains, neither the typhoons that lash the Pacific to fury nor the tornadoes that scourge the plains can touch these shores. Storms and tempests are utterly unknown, and as equally unknown are the extremes of heat and cold. Picture Killarney on a vast and far more magnificent scale, and free from tempests and mists and rain, and you begin to realize the Arrow Lakes, with their beauty, grandeur, and attractiveness.

You are right in directing the attention of your readers to British Columbia. The picturesque beauty of its lakes and rivers, and the sublime grandeur of its mountain scenery find no parallel upon this globe of ours. And its climate and soil are all that are desirable for men or women who love open air life and bracing mountain air, and an occasional hunt for cariboo and elk. The apples grown on the shores of these lakes are the finest I have ever tasted, finer even than those I have sampled from Lord Aberdeen's wonderful orchards about 50 miles further west. There is something in the sun, in the soil, in the serene atmosphere, in the ozone of these pure woods, and in the absence of strong winds that permit the growth, and blossom, and bloom of the apple in this country as nowhere else on earth. One rancher told me he realized 800 dollars off one acre of fruit.

Sometimes I think of building a chalet over there on the other side of the lake where slopes the Halcyon Mountain. There you can now see the dark woods rising one plateau above another. I could have a thousand acres cleared away for flowers and fruit and meadow and lawn, and could have trails cut through the trackless forest to the great field of sea green ice that nestles up yonder in the bosom of those mountains. Just think of what a place this would be to escape from that species of tiger hunt that prevails in Wall Street! It is only four miles across the Lake from these wonderful mineral springs of Halcyon. Over there blow the softest zephyrs, and from those sloping hills you can watch the moonlit lake or see the dawn, rosy and lovely as when the world was young, skipping from peak to peak, till chased away by the advent of the glorious sun that smiles upon this enchanted land.

The Child.

YOU may be Christ or Shakespeare, little child,
A saviour or a sun to the lost world.
There is no babe born but may carry furled
Strength to make bloom the world's disastrous wild.
Oh, what then must our labors be to mould you,
To open the heart, to build with dream the brain,
To strengthen the young soul in toil and pain,
Till our age-aching hands no longer hold you!

Vision far-dreamed! But soft! If your last goal
Be low, if you are only common clay,
What then? Toil lost? Were our toil trebled, nay!
You are a soul, you are a human soul,
A greater than the skies ten-trillion starred—
Shakespeare no greater, O you slip of God!

—James Oppenheim, in The Cosmopolitan.

Sir George White's Decorations.

THE veteran Field-Marshal Sir George White has ever been noted for his self-possession, a quality which without doubt has made him such a successful soldier; and as to this P.T.O. gives an illustration. Addressing the Students' Association of North London a few evenings ago on "Military Service and Preparedness," Sir George went too near the edge of the dais, and fell to the floor. Many willing hands were stretched out to help him, but he was on his feet in an instant. Again taking his stand on the platform, quite undisturbed, he proceeded, "I could not possibly give you a better example of how unexpectedly danger may come upon us," a remark which, it goes without saying, the students cheered to the echo.

Sir George had probably the longest list of honors possessed by anybody except royal personages. He has, first of all, the V.C., which he won in Afghanistan in 1879. The enemy was on a fortified hill, and his men wavered, thinking the job of dislodging them a forlorn hope. White took a rifle from one of his men, crept forward, and shot the leader. This so intimidated the enemy and encouraged his men that the position was soon won. Then he has the Order of Merit, which is possessed by very few, and the Grand Crosses of the Orders of the Bath, the Star of India, St. Michael and St. George, the Indian Empire, and the Royal Victorian Order. Sir George is the only individual not of royal blood who has the Grand Cross of the five Orders of Knighthood, in addition to medals and clasps innumerable, beginning with the Indian Mutiny and ending with the South African War.

ENVOIUS

THERE'S a very charming lady by my door,
She is putting on her summer garb once more.
The fashionable shade
In which she is array'd
Makes me envious of the lady by my door.

There's a maiden at my casement window-pane.
She is putting on her bridal dress again.
Such a frock I cannot buy;
It's impossible to try
Lady Apple-tree's fair colors to attain.

I would almost lie all day, serene and dead,
If so fresh and young, each spring I rose from bed
Complexion like a rose,
No trouble with my clothes,
And my Easter hat all ready on my head.

CECILY DEAN.

Toronto, April 16.

How the British Parliament Treats a Scare.

THE parliamentary comment written by T. P. O'Connor, weekly, for his journal, P. T. O., is always extremely interesting; indeed, it is generally fascinating. Nowhere else do we find such life-like pen pictures of the men who play the chief roles in the great imperial parliamentary drama. The following quotation is from his description of the debate in both Houses on the German Emperor's letter to Lord Tweedmouth, which made such a stir in and out of England:

In the House of Commons the matter was disposed of in just a few moments. Mr. Asquith has, in a short time, made something approaching a revolution in Parliamentary methods. I remember the time when no leader of the House was supposed to do his duty, or earn his salary, unless he spoke on great occasions for an hour or an hour and a half. Mr. Asquith's speeches—except when he is introducing a big Bill—rarely go beyond fifteen or twenty minutes. In the same manner, he answers questions in the tersest way. The House, longing to hear a tremendous statement, found that all Mr. Asquith had to tell them was that he had already answered the question a few days before, and he had nothing to add. Here was disappointment; and one or two members, who had probably looked to a tremendous chance of self-advertisement, looked first blank and then enraged; and there were one or two spluttering attempts to open those thin, compressed lips of Mr. Asquith; but the attempts were half-hearted, and, anyhow, they failed. Mr. Balfour remained silent; so did the other leaders of the Unionist Party; and their silence was eloquent. It was the final proof of the want of importance attached to the mighty bogey who had been dressed up in such terror-stirring garb by imaginative journalism.

In the House of Lords there was a more prolonged scene. I happened to find myself outside that august chamber before the sitting began; I was there in company with my friend, Mr. Walter Scott, the first Prime Minister of Saskatchewan. The great figures of the House of Lords passed us as they entered the chamber; among others, Lord Rosebery and Lord Tweedmouth. I was glad to see that Lord Rosebery shows no signs of that senectitude of which he has been talking recently; on the contrary, the chubby and ruddy cheeks, the bright eye, and the alert manner, rather suggested a return to the springtime of youth. Lord Tweedmouth, with somewhat deeply-lined face, seemed far more concerned than this debonair, young middle-aged man, dressed in a short walking coat, and exuding exuberance, freshness, and ironic amusement at the folly of the world. Lord Tweedmouth was as brief almost as Mr. Asquith. Lord Lansdowne, unlike Mr. Balfour, did speak; and, somehow or other, I did not like altogether his tone. What he said was, in the main, true; but it was small truths in the midst of a mighty moment. Doubtless Lord Tweedmouth ought to have said nothing about the letter—especially to ladies, who are the most unsafe of confidants; but what was that small point compared to the gigantic question whether it was right to mention a letter in the warfare which some men are trying to provoke between two great nations?

It was well that Lord Rosebery should have spoken at such a moment; otherwise the profound feeling which this episode has excited—a feeling of condign condemnation and even of disgust—might have remained unknown to the world of Germany. Lord Rosebery reveals the waywardness of his temperament and the forlornness of his position by the very seat he occupies in the House of Lords. He sits neither on the Liberal nor on the Unionist benches. In a House of Parliament where Princes of the blood and other persons not associated with party politics find seats it is necessary that some provision should be made for those outside party politics; and the House of Lords, therefore, has what are called cross benches. It is on these benches that you see the Prince of Wales and the great soldiers like Lord Roberts and Lord Wolseley. It was from one of these benches that Lord Rosebery rose; he who thus proclaims that he is no longer a member of any of the existing parties; and he rose from the side of the Prince of Wales. He did not speak from there, however, but advanced to the table from which Ministers and ex-Ministers speak. There he spoke a few sentences, well-worded, sensible, bringing down the whole incident to the light of common day, and to the prose of good sense. He said one or two things he might well have left unsaid; as, for instance, that our enemies of to-day may be our friends of tomorrow and our friends of to-day our enemies of tomorrow—rather a cold douche to the *entente cordiale* between England and France; but, on the whole, it was a fine, worthy, and eloquent utterance, and it was very necessary. Thus it was that our Houses of Parliament treated the great scare of 1908; and it was, as will be seen, in a spirit worthy of the dignity, restraint, and good sense which, after all, lies at the foundations of these two historic assemblies, in spite of all their many faults.

Canadian Pioneer Types.

J. R. BOOTH, millionaire lumberman of the Ottawa valley, wasn't able to enjoy his 81st birthday celebration (says the Hamilton Spectator) because of a sprained foot, the accident happening while he was working the other day in a flume. Adam Brown, postmaster of Hamilton, was able to enjoy the celebration of his 82nd birthday only to the limited extent permitted by the multitudinous duties of his important office. These two men are types of the pioneer race that brought Canada, the nation, into being. Will the race to come be able to show the same vigor, stamina and vitality among its sons who have so far passed the meridian of life? And if not, why not?

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THE banks and their financial operations in the late monetary crisis are greatly in the public eye at the present time. And while we are still working round this subject, as it were, and the banks and their directors are being dissected on the altar of Public Opinion and in the financial columns of our papers, let us go a little deeper into the matter, and pry up for inspection the Bank Clerk.

Has anyone ever taken him seriously? I can with the utmost safety reply in the negative. He is invariably, when up for discussion, regarded from a comical standpoint. He is generally supposed to have an unlimited capacity for five-o'clock teas, and a penchant for the latest thing in fancy waistcoats. The time-worn, ten-til-three-o'clock theory is still cast up to him continually, and he is referred to as a gay deceiver forsooth, and a breaker of young hearts. But a Worker of Hard Work, and a Doer of Things, "Oh, I just guess not," says Mr. Public Opinion with finality, as he dismisses the matter from his mind. Well, your bank clerk is a good fellow. He takes these opinions and holds them up to the light, as it were, and has his little laugh all to himself, tinged with bitterness sometimes; which only those "in the know" can understand.

Now, it has always been conceded a great and glorious thing to die for one's country, to give up one's life to her interests. But although it may not be in quite the same category, still, did you ever figure out just what a bank clerk gives up for his bank? He may not have to give up his life (unless he is sleeping in front of the vault door in some country branch, and then who knows?) but he just about gives up the next thing to it.

Take the case of any Smith, Jones, or Robinson who enters the service of a bank, and compare it with the life of his fellow who engages in any other business pursuit in his home town, and see the lines diverge. Smith, Jones, or Robinson is a lad of sixteen, has a nice home, kind mother or father, fond sisters, etc., and has been in the service, say three months or so. He is called into the manager's office some fine morning and is greeted thus: "Good morning, Mr. Smith. Head office wishes you to report at ———," and any old place is mentioned between the Atlantic and the Pacific. This is his first move and a big event, and that helps some of course. But he goes home that night with mixed feelings—our little man of sixteen or so. Right here he starts to loosen his hold on things very dear to him. But it is for the bank, and a junior's loyalty to his bank is a thing for the gods to marvel at, and comes but once in a lifetime.

Ask him later on of his first impressions and he will tell you of a queer, stuffy little hotel, perhaps; mostly bar, with its coterie of loafers, and his own small room on the top flat, which is to be his home for—how long? Aye, there's the rub—for how long? Your well-seasoned commercial traveller knows that it is only a matter of days with him and then the week-end in town, usually his home. But your little bank man, your lad of sixteen, has got to sit right down, button up his coat, throw out his chest and get used to it. He has to stick with it for six months, a year, two years, any indefinite old time; and, be it eternally to his credit, nine times out of ten he does get used to it and toughs out the lonely evenings and the strange faces round about him. In the course of time he makes one friend and then another; gradually starts to find interest in local happenings, and is generally a great force for the progressive state of things in the life of the town.

Now I can just see you, Mr. Reader, lean back in your chair and say: "But that is the case of any young man who leaves home." I grant you that, but it is his one experience. And your five-o'clock-tea bank clerk, your fancy-vest man, will have to go through this experience any number of times in his career, and it does not get any easier as it goes along. He may be very glad to pull up his stakes in one town, but you may be sure he will be doubly sorry to leave his next station. He is continually adjusting his habits to a new order of things as they are so often knocked completely out of kilter. The man who has lived on the water is moved inland. Take the golf clubs from the average business man who plays that grand game and hear him howl. But there is many a dusty golf bag standing in the corner of your bank clerk's room in a golfless town. Little things, of course, but our "balm in sorrow." He learns that the world is full of kind people, but also that it takes time to make true friends, and that it is hard to keep in touch with them when they are miles away. He seems to be continually saying good-bye to those who understand him, and getting accustomed to a city or town which is but a name for many months. And so I say, "Hats off to the Bank Clerk!" You will find him everywhere; "existing," or having the "time of his life," whichever the case may be. He is a good fellow, and, by the time he is well on in his twenties, a mighty interesting one, for he is seeing life and getting his "bumps," and taking them in a way which compels admiration. He will also have by this time the invaluable faculty of getting something out of a next-to-nothing environment, which would make another man a nervous wreck.

The responsibilities of his work; his experiences with the public, looking at things from his side of the wicket, would necessitate another article as long as this to enlarge on. But briefly: He has always to be on the *qui vive*. He works at a high tension, for a mistake nearly always means loss of money to him personally. So when next you go into your bank (You ought to be depositing coupons just now), take a little more interest in the man who attends to your wants. He is, I say again, a man worthy of your esteem. He may wear vests of the "finest

fancy woven" and shine at social functions galore, and, again, he may "hit it up" with the boys, for there are sinners and saints the world o'er, but rest assured that many of his apparent frivolities and inanities arise in the pursuit of new friendships to make him forget broken ones, lost interests, and thoughts of the old city, or home, which haunt him at every turn.

"Honor to whom honor is due" is a good saying, and I beg that it may be applied to the man who at the magic words "You are instructed to report," packs his grip and leaves everything to play the stranger-in-a-strange-land act, not once, but many times as the years roll by.

REIT.

The Life of Service.

ENGLAND naturally affords many illustrious examples of the devoted and self sacrificed life (says that thoughtful and often brilliant weekly, The Bellman, of Minneapolis). The training which the useful Englishman gets puts him in the humor for a service that is without ease or great pecuniary reward. He goes to it as a matter of course when the opportunity offers and he remains at his post while the world moves on and more or less forgets him.

A notable example of this is afforded in the belated return to England of Sir Robert Hart, who was recently granted leave of absence from his post as Inspector-General of Chinese Maritime Customs on the ground of ill-health. He is probably the greatest of Britons who have elected to devote their lives to the service of a weaker nation than their own. Before many of us were born, in 1859, Sir Robert left the British consular service for the post in China. Only twice in all this half century has he revisited his home, and his wife and children have been awaiting his return for twenty years.

During this time he has been the trustee of all European interests in China. He refused to become British Minister in Peking and preferred to be, instead, one of the chief progressive forces of the Celestial Empire. No foreigner knows as much as he concerning the inner life of the Chinese and, for many years, over eight thousand employees have labored under the direction of the little gray autocrat of Peking. He is now seventy-three years old.

Pathetic, but glorious and beautiful is the final home coming of this old, trusted, time-tried and faithful servant. In a letter to a friend in England, written last year, Sir Robert said: "I was photographed the other day; allow me to send you a copy. Is it at all recognizable? I am still alone; Lady Hart and the young people—I have now three grand-children—are at home, where they have been waiting for my return over twenty years. What a slice to be cut out of a domestic life! However, the Fates would have it so. The months and years are slipping away, and both youth and middle age are things of the past. I am now an old—a very old—man. I hope to be free from harness next year."

Was it worth while, this lifetime passed away from home and family in the service of a country which we regard as uncivilized? Such men as Sir Robert Hart probably never ask themselves the question; their duty lies clear before them and they perform it to the end, until the last drop of vitality is gone, until youth turns to middle life and that passes on to old age and the work is faithfully completed.

No pecuniary reward, however great, no honors, however high, can restore the youthful years or repair the gap during which life was passed among aliens and away from the peaceful and happy companionship of one's friends and family. The pay, the sole and only pay, lies in the consciousness of a mission fulfilled and a great service rendered. The end is the triumph over self. Yes, it is worth while and many of us would gladly exchange all the sordid gains of the other life for a chance to earn the satisfaction of the life of service, hard and bitter though it may be in the living.

The Editor of Punch.

"MR. OWEN SEAMAN is the Prince of Poetic Impersonators; the Grand Madjoui and Bilzhouk-Extraordinary of Parody; he can imitate Swinburne better than Swinburne himself, and produce so plausible a travesty of Kipling that the Bard of Empire is convinced he must have written it himself on some late evening at the club." So writes the Glasgow Evening News, and continues:

"But Mr. Seaman's chief claim on the gratitude of his country is that he restored to it some reputation for the genuine sense of Fun. In the two years he has been editor of Punch he has placed it, so far as its letterpress is concerned, on a higher pinnacle than it has ever occupied before, even in the days of Thackeray and Blanchard; and made Wednesday the merriest day of the week in countless British homes."

"If we would realize the deadly solemnity, the Saxon fatheadedness, the awful banality of English humor during the last half of Queen Victoria's reign, we turn to the old files of Punch and search between its brilliant illustrations for a gleam of genuine comedy. All that is poor in the fun of Punch to-day survives from that period of underlined puns, pot-house pleasantries, and ceaseless jokes on mothers-in-law, fat ladies, and plain spinsters of uncertain age; Punch was the husky humorist of the London bars, and its pictures and its price alone maintained the flagging interest of the public. It would have been killed by this time, perhaps, but for the advent of Mr. Seaman, who realized that Cockney humor has its limitations, and that two or three men cannot be expected to keep us in shrieks of laughter week in and week out for years without a great deal of outside assistance."

A Famous Black and White Artist.

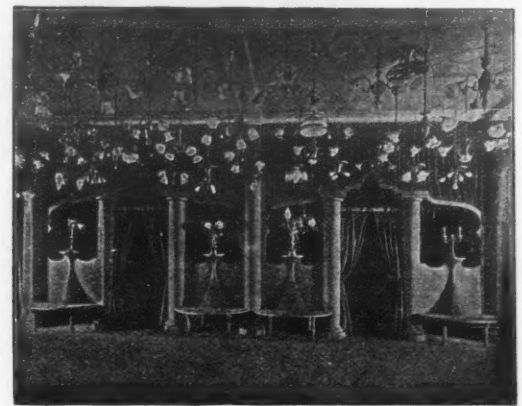
M. VALERIAN GRIBAYEDOFF, famous in two continents as journalist and artist, who has just died in Paris, could (we are reminded by P.T.O.) lay claim to the distinction of being one of the pioneers in the introduction of illustrations in the daily newspapers of America. It was in 1884 that Gribayedoff's association with the New York World as a black-and-white artist began. Previously some of the leading American journals had made tentative attempts to illustrate news, but the length of time incurred in reproducing drawings, and the failure to reproduce clearly, had militated against the success of the experiments. Gribayedoff obtained an introduction to Mr. Cockerill, the managing editor of the New York World, who gave him permission to try his hand at a few designs to illustrate an article on crests and monograms, which he had written for that paper. These designs were so successful, and they so lightened the appearance of the article, that the event was regarded as a red-letter day in the art of illustration as applied to the hurriedly-produced newspaper. The World's circulation immediately went up with a jump; and Gribayedoff was soon inundated with orders from other papers for similar work. From this beginning dated the famous artist's success.

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SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

THE dates of the daffodil luncheon are April 21, 22, and 23, and very promising prospects are in view for it. As usual the tables will be crowded, and veal and ham pie will be at a premium, and the flower from which the affair is named will give the decorative touch to each table. St. James schoolhouse depletes the ranks of every lunch room in town during the daffodil season next week. People who never take luncheon down town come loyal and early to the dainty feast and enjoy the ministrations of the prettiest young gentlemen in Toronto.

There was some excitement and many varying minds at the Hofmann recital on Monday before those who remained, after they became aware that Kreisler the violinist was ill in Chicago, had settled down to the realization that Josef Hofmann had risen to the occasion and was playing better than he had ever done before, fairly music in fact, and all the more lovely because undisturbed by any other sort of instrument than the magnificent grand piano in use. The really artistic and satisfactory recital is of that sort, and in the home of such things, Germany, programmes are never mixed—a piano recital is that alone, a violin has nothing to interrupt its dainty appeal, and the listeners really get the proper value of each. So that those at the Massey Hall on Monday had a rare treat. Among the fair sized audience were Lady Moss and Miss Adelaide Moss, Baron de Champ, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Cox, Mr. and Mrs. Featherston Aylesworth, Miss Mary Campbell, Mrs. and Miss Melvin-Jones, Mrs. Davis, Colonel and Mrs. Bruce and Miss Bruce, Mrs. Stewart Houston, Mrs. Aubrey Heward, Mr. Albert Nordheimer, Miss Yvonne Nordheimer, Miss Ina Matthews, Mrs. Moss, Mrs. Overton Macdonald, Mrs. Hal Osler, Mrs. Gerard Barton, Mrs. and Miss Heintznan of Tannenheim, Mrs. Willie Gwynne, Mrs. Laurence Buchan, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Smith, Mrs. Harris, Mr. L. Harris, Mr. Sutherland Macklem, Messrs. Macklem, Mrs. Wilnot Matthews, Mr. Farrel, Miss Kerr, Mr. Hart, Mrs. Larkin, Mr. Gerald and Miss Larkin, Colonel Maclean, Miss Slade, Mr. and the Misses Morphy, the Misses Haney, Dr. and Mrs. Porter, Miss Constance Boulton, Mr. Walter S. Andrews, Mr. and Mrs. James Scott, Mrs. E. O. Bickford, Professor and Mrs. Mackenzie, Mr. and Mrs. James Mackenzie, Mrs. and the Misses Schoenberger, the Misses Keating, Mr. Young, Miss Kay, Miss Edith Kay, Mrs. Fleury, the Misses Turner, Mr. and Miss Brown, Mr. and Mrs. L. McMurray, Mr. Heward, Mr. Mickle, Mr. Cassels.

The bazaar, in aid of Mrs. Broughall's pet scheme, the home for working women, is occupying much of the time and thought of her assistants these days. The various tables are in charge of competent and enthusiastic workers, and no doubt the sale will net a large sum.

Miss Dorothy Macfarlane is going to Vancouver on an extended visit to her sister, Mrs. Roaf, and Miss Leslie Macpherson, of Stratford, will accompany her, on a visit to several friends. Miss Dorothy will not return until the autumn.

On next Saturday evening, April 25, a recital of original compositions, written by Mr. Frank P. Macklem, a son of Mr. Sutherland Macklem, and a pupil of Dr. Anger, will be given in Conservatory Music Hall.

The President and Council of the Royal Canadian Academy of Arts have sent out invitations to the opening of their twenty-ninth annual exhibition, which takes place next Thursday evening in the Art Gallery, 165 King street west, at eight o'clock. This will be an interesting "private view" of the best in Canadian art.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph R. Miller celebrated the fifteenth anniversary of their wedding by a reception and bridge party last Monday night. Carnations and tulips were used to decorate the rooms, and the hostess looked very well in Du Barry silk, with point lace and diamonds. The prizes were all sort of pretty rock crystal fancies.

The marriage of Miss Aimee Buckner and Mr. Reginald Blomfield takes place very quietly in St. Augustine's church next Wednesday. Mr. and Mrs. Blomfield will make their home in Winnipeg, where the former, who is a Peterboro' boy, is now engaged in business.

The ladies are manifesting a lively interest in the assault-at-arms to be given by the Argonaut Rowing Club in aid of the Canadian Olympic Committee in Massey Hall

next Thursday night, and there is a keen competition for the gold enamel bracelet which will become the property of the one who does the most to help. An array of champions will participate in a programme of many unique features under the direction of Mr. "Cullie" Ross. Lieut.-Col. Greville Harston is chairman of the Argo's committee. Among the fair enthusiasts who are assisting are Miss Lois Moyes, Miss Olive Sheppard, Miss Beatrice Webster, Mrs. Wedd, Miss Marguerite Wedd, Miss Mona Murray, Miss Marjorie Murray, Miss Lillian Miles, Mrs. W. Goulding, Miss Augusta Gillies, Mrs. Sutherland, Mrs. McMaster, Mrs. Spence, Mrs. Eastmure, Mrs. Eastwood, Miss Fluvia Ireland.

Miss Lillian Miles is spending some time with Mrs. Walter Champ (nee Jones, of Toronto) in New York. Miss Edith Macdonald is going to England to visit Mrs. Harold Flint (nee Sullivan, formerly of Toronto).

Mrs. Alfred Denison went to Chatham on Tuesday to attend the wedding of Miss Marion Fleming and Mr. Herbert Loudon, which took place on Wednesday. The bride, as a very tiny girl, was one of the bridal group at Mrs. Denison's wedding. Mrs. Denison returns to Toronto to-morrow night.

Mrs. James Thorburn (nee Meredith) has returned for a visit to her native city, London-the-Less.

Another Easter bride will be Miss Ethel Maud Cotton, whose marriage to Mr. A. W. Treble takes place in St. George's church on Tuesday, April 28. Mrs. Cotton will give a reception and dejeuner after the ceremony at her home, 260 Spadina avenue.

Miss Helen Douglas, one of the Easter brides, has been the guest of honor at several pretty festivities the last two or three weeks. Luncheons, teas, and the ever useful and entertaining shower, have alternated in her honor. Miss Hazel Ford, another Easter bride, has also been the recipient of similar attentions, for both are very nice and popular maidens.

On Monday, April 27, Mr. J. Allan Murray, son of Major Jack Murray, and Miss Marjorie Hennessy, of Boston, will be quietly married in the latter city. Major and Mrs. Murray will go down for the occasion.

The engagement is announced of Miss Milly Mickleborough, youngest daughter of Mr. William Mickleborough, of St. Thomas, and Mr. John Garvey, Junior, of London, Ontario. The marriage is to take place very quietly on April 29.

Captain and Mrs. Rupert Bruce returned from their honeymoon last Friday, and are with Dr. Herbert Bruce for the present.

Dr. R. W. Patton and his niece, Miss Carlyle, are leaving this week for Italy. Mrs. Graham Brown, of Montreal, is visiting her mother, Mrs. Carlyle, in Gerrard street.

Miss Franzisca Heinrich has returned from the West and from years of study on the continent. Miss Heinrich is now a splendid pianiste, and will give a recital on April 24, in the theatre of the Normal School, to which she has invited a number of her Toronto friends. Later, in the fall, Miss Heinrich will give a large recital, when all will have a chance to hear her. I have a memory of this young lady. On the day Lord Aberdeen, Governor-General of Canada, opened the Music Hall of the Conservatory, playing with great fire and aplomb, and of the remark of His Excellency that she had a brilliant future, if she continued on her present lines. That kind criticism has been fully justified, and the little girl who inspired it has grown into a woman—full of temperament, splendid in technique, and devoted heart and hand to her chosen art, and bringing much kudos to her kind friend and first teacher, Dr. Fisher.

Another funny play at the Alexandra this week has amused a great many people, most of whom had a merry time with "The Private Secretary" last week. "Our Boys" is the present offering. All the theatres are echoing with laughter these days and nights. At Shea's Katie Barry and her travelling impedimenta, her coiffure and her "fatal beauty" are moving people to tears (of mirth!). Shea's bill this week (as last) is very good indeed.

That one cannot be too careful in sending invitations by phone was illustrated a few days ago, and as the joke is a strictly personal one I don't mind telling it. Expecting a young protegee of the masculine persuasion in town, who was desirous of talking over some business in which he had requested my assistance, I telephoned to his usual hotel to ask if he had arrived. The response was a cheery affirmative, but the young person had gone out. "Tell him as soon as he comes in that I shall be at such and such a place at five o'clock, and will take tea with him there." I confided to the attendant, who took down the message and read it over to me. Promptly at the time stated I was on the watch for the kiddie, but was accosted by a great big man, who had received the note, rushed to the rendezvous (!) and was "so happy to make my acquaintance." It was really quite awful for a moment, but a quiet explanation evoked a most humble apology from a thoroughly disconcerted knight. The name was not such an uncommon one as I had carelessly imagined.

Professor and Mrs. Ramsay Wright are not going to England, but to Italy and France, for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. W. K. George have had a delightful motoring experience in and about Rome. Madame Gualco has a villa in Italy this year, and will entertain many of her Canadian friends in her own charming way.

Miss Creighton is in Ottawa for Easter, the guest of Mrs. Alec Cartwright.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis V. Rorke (199 Madison avenue) will spend the Easter holidays in New York City. Mrs. Harry Pettit will remain with her mother during Mrs. Rorke's absence.

Premier Price, of South Australia, is probably the only man in the world who as a journeyman mason helped to erect the government building over which he presides as Premier. He was born in 1852, emigrated to Australia in 1883, was elected to Parliament ten years later, became the leader of the labor party, and two years later was chosen as Premier.



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Books and Authors

Notes Regarding Recent and Forthcoming Publications of Interest to Canadian Readers, and Gossip Concerning Literary People.

REX BEACH'S new novel, "The Barrier" (Harper & Bros., New York and London) is what one is inclined to term a rattling good story. It is a tale of Alaska, or rather the Alaskan border. To the Canadian reader it has the American fault of appropriation. The average United States novel-reader, being wilfully or unwittingly ill-informed regarding the vast reaches of Canadian borderlines, would, from reading "The Barrier," suppose most of the wonderful far north country of gold and romance to be American territory. However, Mr. Beach makes some pleasing references to the Northwest Mounted Police Force and to the manner in which the law is enforced in Yukon. For example, one of his Alaskan characters says: "Well, he had a record as long as a sick man's drug bill before he went into that country, and when he put the commissioner away them Canadian officials went after him like they were killin' snakes. If it had happened across the line, the coroner's jury would have freed him 'cause the commissioner was drunk and started the row; but it happened right in Stark's saloon (in Dawson), and you know Canucks is stronger than vitriol for law and order."

Meade Burrell, a young lieutenant in the American army, and a well-bred Kentuckian, is sent with a small detachment of men to a little camp in Alaska to help the miners to keep order. Here he finds Old Man Gale, the trader; his beautiful daughter, Necia; Poleon Doret, a fine type of the French-Canadian voyageur; Ben Stark, gambler and bad man; and others. Burrell falls in love with Necia, despite the fact that Gale's wife is a squaw, and his emotions and his instincts fight strongly within him. How his love progresses, how he wins the respect of the miners, how Gale and his life-long enemy settle their quarrel, and how Poleon proves himself not only a terrible fighter but a "very perfect, gentle knight," make up the burden of the tale.

It is one of the stories that one sits with late into the night. It is full of dramatic incident, and the vein of romance is charming. Above all, it is refreshing in tone; a breath of the clean air and free life of a vast new country is on every page. And the characters are life-like and drawn with a sure hand. Altogether it is a piece of fiction of absorbing interest, and an excellent picture of the Yukon country and "the strong life that never knows harness, the wilds where the caribou call."

In publishing "The Barrier," Harper & Brothers have, as is their custom, made a handsome book. It is finely illustrated by Denman Fink.

More interesting than ever is the April issue of The Busy Man's Magazine, Toronto. This publication has become one of the most attractive periodicals in the country, being full of excellent selections from current literature and well-edited matter of general interest. In the April number are to be found, in addition to several short, breezy sketches of leading Canadians and men of affairs, a number of racy and instructive articles on several timely topics. Among the most acceptable contributions from clever writers are: "The Early Struggles of Canada's Rugged Pioneers," "Co-operation and some of its

Beneficial Results," "The American Invasion of Canada," "Another Band of Steel Across the Continent," "The Place Where Your Money is Made," "How a Wife is Kept in the Background," "How Young Married Folk Should Finance," "The Humanity of the Canadian Indian," "Lively Reminiscences of the Backwoods," "The Greatest Inventor in the World," etc. The April "Busy Man's" is well worth buying and well worth reading. The illustrations are numerous and give the issue a decidedly inviting appearance.

Two weeks ago mention was made of a poem, "The Train Dogs," having appeared in Outing, over the signature of Owen E. McGillicuddy, although it was actually written by E. Pauline Johnson, and had been published in Rod and Gun four years ago. When referring to the subject two weeks ago the theory was advanced that the seeming plagiarism might have been due to a confusion in manuscripts in Outing office. The suggestion has aroused the anger of Caspar Whitney, editor of Outing, who sends us a hot letter explaining that no mistake occurred in his office, but that the poem was sent to him as original and was bought and paid for on that basis. Miss Johnson is a poet of merit who has won too little credit and too little profit from her work, without having her verses fobbed in this airy fashion.

"Arkansaw Cousins, a Story of the Ozarks," by J. Breckenridge Ellis, (Henry Holt & Co., New York, \$1.50) is an unusually interesting story of people in a small community and exceedingly clannish in their regard for the ties of cousinship. There is considerable humor in the volume and some fine and accurate portrayal of the narrownesses and virtues of village life.

"The Reaping," by Mary Imlay Taylor, (Mussion, Toronto), is a story of social ambition and marriage for money and position which turned out disastrously. By way of contrast another and a pleasing love-story runs through the narrative. The scene of the story is laid in Washington and the atmosphere is political.

Arthur Stringer, whose books, "Phantom Wires" and "The Wire-Tappers," have achieved considerable success, will publish a new adventure and mystery story early in April through the McClure Company. The publishers announce that it is not a "wire-tapper" novel. The title of the new book will be "The Under Groove."

A man of wealth and family having speculated with other people's money and lost, was exposed in the end and sent to prison for seven years. His people wished to regard him as one dead, so on his release, he wandered off and secured humble employment in an obscure village, whereby his helpfulness to others—inspired by a desire to atone for his sin—he became known as "Ten Commandment Smith." Such is the story of "The Ancient Law" by Ellen Glasgow, (Mussion, Toronto). The man is a decent fellow but unselfish, and the crime which broke his life was no doubt caused by a lack of hard fibre in his material—a lack which is perhaps not uncommon among such offenders. In his humble second-life, however, the time comes when he must either suffer exposure or permit a vain village beauty to marry a rascal he had known in prison. He saves the girl but is exposed. Some of the New York critics find fault with the story when the man is lifted back into his own family setting.

where he is distrusted, suspected, belittled, yet where he towers morally above the others. This, however, seems to us the part of the book revealing the truest intimacy with human nature. It is a book well above the ordinary in current fiction.

In view of the forthcoming Quebec celebrations, an interesting work is in preparation by Messrs. Sampson, Low, Marston & Co., Limited, entitled, "The First English Conquest of Canada," with some account of the earliest settlements in Nova Scotia and Newfoundland, by Henry Kirke, M.A., B.C.L., F.R.G.S. This gentleman is a descendant of the Captain Kirke, whose name is so intimately associated with the early conquest of Canada, and in the work he throws a flood of light upon that period of Canadian history. Mr. Kirke is the author of "Twenty-five Years in British Guiana," "From the Gun Room to the Throne," etc.

Charles G. D. Roberts' new book, "The Hunters of the Silences," deals with the dwellers of the deep sea—the shark, the narwhal, the cuttlefish and other strange creatures. The book is published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston, \$2.00.

Vol. VIII, Papers and Records, Ontario Historical Society, has just been published. Its contents are: The Insurrection in the Short Hills in 1838, Lt.-Col. Cruickshank; The Hamilton's of Queenston, Kingston and Hamilton, H. F. Gardiner; The Petuns, Lt.-Col. G. W. Bruce; The Nottawassa River Route, G. K. Mills, B.A.; The First Commission of the Peace for the District of Mecklenburg, R. V. Rogers, LL.D.; Some Events in the History of Kingston, W. S. Ellis, B.A.; Early History of the Anglican Church in Kingston, Rev. Archdeacon McMorine, D.D.; Some Epochs in the Story of Old Kingston, Miss Agnes Maule Machar (Fidelis); The Navies on Lake Ontario in the War of 1812. Notes from the Papers of a Naval Officer then Serving on His Majesty's Ships, Barlow Cumberland, M.A.; Cataragui, Charles MacKenzie; Captain William Gilkison, notes from a paper prepared by Miss Augusta Isabella Grant Gilkison; Early Churches in the Niagara Peninsula, Stamford and Chippewa, with marriage records of Thomas and James Cummings, J.P., and Extracts from the Cummings Papers, Miss Janet Carnochan.

Dickens was the originator of the London Daily News. The paper was started on January 21, 1846. At that time Charles Dickens was editor; his father, John Dickens, was the manager; Douglas Jerrold was assistant editor, and Bradbury and Evans were the printers; Albany Fonblanque and John Forster were leader writers; "Father Prout" (Mahoney) was Roman correspondent, and George Hogarth, Dickens' father-in-law, was musical critic. Sir William Jackson, Sir Joseph Watkins, and Mr. (afterwards Sir Joseph) Paxton, were among the principal contributors.

Mr. Winston Churchill's forthcoming novel, "Mr. Crewe's Career," is being looked forward to with considerable interest, and Mr. Churchill himself—the American Winston, of course—is again receiving much personal publicity. Perhaps it is worth while to repeat a paragraph from a recent long review of Wolff's "Recollections":

"Between Mr. Winston Churchill, our own, and the Englishman of the same name no relationship, we believe, has been alleged to exist. If, however, the speculation indulged in by Sir

Henry-Drummond Wolff in his 'Recollections' has substantial ground, such a relationship there is. Sir Henry writes of Nance Oldfield, the celebrated actress, who achieved a brilliant career in the beginning of the eighteenth century, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, and of her alliance with General Churchill, the nephew, or, possibly, grand-nephew, of the great Duke of Marlborough. The author traces the surprisingly high marriages of these Churchills and of the other descendants of Nance Oldfield. One of them was the founder of the family of Craigie, to which belongs the husband of 'John Oliver Hobbes.' 'I understand,' writes Sir Henry, 'that Mr. Winston Churchill, the American novelist, participates in this descent, in which I also have the honor of including myself.'

The English publishers Cassell & Co., are putting on sale in Canada through their Toronto branch, all their publications, including a variety of serial parts such as the Engineer's Handbook in twenty-four weekly parts at ten cents each, carpentry and joinery, building construction, woodcarving, and the Handyman's Enquire Within at the same price. The parts of "Women of all Nations" sell at twenty-five cents, and "Great Pictures in Private Galleries," at twenty cents each. These works sell extensively in Great Britain, but are new here.

Mrs. Humphrey Ward is on a visit to New York, this being the first time she has been in America.

The announcement is made from Boston that the publishing firm of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., will on July 1 transfer The Atlantic Monthly, which has been published by them since 1873, to a new company composed of Ellery Sedgwick, of D. Appleton & Co., the New York publishers; MacGregor Jenkins, the present business manager of the magazine; Waldo E. Forbes, and Rogers Pierce. There will be no material change in the character or general conduct of the publication. Bliss Perry will continue as editor. The Atlantic Monthly was founded in 1857 by Oliver Wendell Holmes, Henry W. Longfellow, John Greenleaf Whittier, James Russell Lowell and Ralph Waldo Emerson.

The Bookman of the Winnipeg Free Press has been reading the sketches of George R. Sims regarding the city missions of London, and he finds in one of them the meaning and origin of a refrain every child of us used to sing—"Pop goes the weasel."

"Up and down the city-road,
In and out the Eagle,
That's the way the money goes—
Pop goes the weasel."

This was the old London song, and the "weasel" was not a brown stout or any such swift little creature, but an implement used by the tailor, who is supposed to be the hero of the song. The "Eagle" was a public house to which were attached a theatre and a dancing garden. When the tailor had gone in and out the "Eagle" his money was gone and he was obliged to pawn his "weasel."

The Dear Little Birds.

MY attention was attracted one day to the actions of two greybirds on the lawn before me. They were feasting on a crumb of bread. The male bird would pick off small pieces and drop them into the upturned mouth of the female bird. After each tiny morsel was swallowed, they would chirp and hop about a little, then the feeding would be resumed.

The male bird did not eat any of the crumbs, nor did the female bird pick up any for herself. The male bird was delighted with the pleasure afforded him in catering to his mate, and she gracefully manifested her appreciation of his kindness.

I had never seen a more beautiful illustration of self-sacrifice, love and devotion; nor had I ever seen generosity accepted "for love's sweet sake," in a more becoming manner.

I was charmed by the beautiful love lesson being acted by the happy little birds, and said to myself: "How pretty! How much like human beings!"

This reflection was hardly impressed upon my mind, when a third greybird swooped down from a nearby telegraph wire, picked up the crumb of bread and carried it away; thus selfishly depriving two creatures of its own species of their source of happiness.

My sympathies went out to the innocent little sufferers and again I soliloquized: "Yes! Indeed! how true. Alas! too true. So much like human beings—Crocket McElroy, in Outing."



Interesting

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SUCKER-FISHING UP THE DON.

SPORTING COMMENT

THE Olympic Athletic Carnival, held in the St. Lawrence market, on April 9, 10 and 11, proved to be a huge success as far as the competition was concerned, and Saturday's big crowd enabled the management to pass over a little toward the Olympic Fund.

Although the track was laid in somewhat of a hurry, Manager Flanagan, who had charge of the construction work, had it in fairly good shape for Thursday evening and it improved with age, so that the competitors had little to complain of the last two evenings. Upwards of a hundreds loads of clay were used in constructing the oval and stretch for the sprints; so it was no one-day job to get it in shape and the knocks that were handed out to the management by one of the evening newspapers, about the measurements Thursday evening, were uncalled for.

Although not really trials the performances will give the public a line on some of the boys who intend trying for the Olympic team and some of the competitors are dead certainties for it.

For special mention, brackets, eulogies and all the rest of it, the genial Irish giant, Con. Walsh, comes first. Didn't he break two world's records and break them with apparently so little effort that the audience scarcely seemed to appreciate the fact that the former figures were being sent toppling? There are no 56-lb. events on the Olympic programme but it is a certainty that Mr. Walsh will make the team when he gets out where there is room to throw the hammer. He wasn't far from the world's record with the 16-lb. hammer last season and he has certainly improved during the winter. In the throw for height he tossed the weight 15 ft. 9 1-2 inches, which is 2 1-2 inches better than the previous world's record. On Saturday evening he went after the throw over a bar record, and must have gained strength since the previous evening, for the old record was smashed by a foot, the new figures being 14 feet 7 inches.

While the gigantic Walsh more than upheld Ireland's honor during the carnival the man whose performance electrified the crowd was another Irishman of an entirely different build, Michael J. Creed, who was making his initial appearance before a Toronto audience, is a diminutive son of the Emerald Isle who can jump. That's it, he can jump. When a man whose height is somewhere between 5 foot 5 and 6 inches clears the bar at over six feet, and the other competitors who tower above him in stature have failed at lesser heights, is it any wonder that the crowd goes wild in its applause? That's what happened Thursday evening when Mr. Creed won the high jump at 6 ft. and a half inch and did 45 ft. 10 inches in the running hop, step and jump. This last performance was considerably over the world's indoor record but owing to some irregularities will not go down in the record books.

Another to take liberties with records was Geo. Goulding, the Central Y. M. C. A. walker. On the opening night he chopped something like 16 seconds from the mile figures, but owing to the hurry in which the track had been constructed the measurements were not quite correct, lacking about 28 yards in the mile. Saturday evening, however, the measurements were to the good as was also Goulding, who broke the one, two and three mile Canadian records in the three mile race. His figures were: mile, 7.11 4-5; 2 miles, 15.2 4-5; 3 miles, 22.35 2-5. The previous records were: 1 mile, (Skene) 7.20 1-5; 2 miles, (Major) 16.58; 3 miles, (Skene) 24.15. Goulding lapped his field early in the race and should be some faster if pushed.

Bobby Kerr didn't break the 60 yard record but his time, 6 3-5, after almost going to his knees twice on the journey, is going some and he has nothing to fear from Lukeman, of Montreal. Kerr has defeated Lukeman in the past and has improved since so that the Hamilton boy looks the best for the sprint representative in England. Of the other sprinters Ralph Bowron, of the Centrals, who generally manages to get into a racket or get interfered with somehow and has to do his running in the stretch, was about the best, although Sebert, of Varsity; Kyle, West End, and White, of the Royal Canadians, are all good men. Irving Parkes, West End, won the 1,000 yards run on Thursday evening

and incidentally proved that he is about the best around here at this distance. Harry Smith, Centrals, who was expected to give Parkes a battle, was decisively beaten.

George Barber was the hardest worked athlete at the carnival, but he managed to negotiate wins in the running broad jump and three standing jumps and seconds in the standing broad jump, 60 yd. hurdle and hop, step and jump. The 60 yd. hurdle was hard picking for the judges, who decided that Bricker had won, although the audience and some of the officials in the ring were of the opinion that Barber hit the tape first. There was also a dispute in the broad jump, which was awarded Barber, although Bricker on his fourth attempt went somewhat farther than the Central man's best leap. The trouble arose over Bricker's first trial when he ran over the mark and made no attempt to jump. The competition had begun, however, and the scorer called it a trial. This aroused the ire of a spectator, who kicked up a great rumpus, delaying proceedings for some time. The status of the spectator at an athletic meet needs to be clearly defined, and the authority of the officials enforced.

The special features each evening were interesting. Tom Coley defeated W. F. Cummings in a three mile race Thursday evening. Billy Sherring's protegee, Donald McQuaid, lapped Percy Sellen of the I. C. A. C., on Friday evening and was every bit as good as Sherring had touted him to be. He has a clean, easy style and apparently has speed to burn and should make Jack Tait go some during the trials. Tait was an absentee from the meet on account of sickness. Tom Longboat ran George Adams an exhibition mile on Saturday afternoon and won handily, but W. F. Cummings, who trimmed the Indian at Riverdale rink the previous week, was good enough to run a dead heat with him Saturday evening. The Indian was all to the bad on the corners but was much improved over his form of the Royal Canadian meet.

Of the other competitors, of whom a scarcity of space will not allow of lengthy mention, Galbraith, Centrals; who has won around Toronto at nearly every distance, ran a wonderful race at three miles on Friday night, and should make good at the trials.

"Chuck" Skene, who apparently doesn't want any more of Goulding's game in the walking events, showed the audience that he can go some, by cleaning up the millers.

Nat Dymont, West End, in the boys' walk, is a sure comer, and Roy Skene was the best of the boys at the half mile run.

The work of Mr. John McGarry with the starting gun was about the best yet and it is to be hoped that the meet promoters will recognize the fact and have him officiating whenever possible.

Considering the limited time in which the committee in charge had to arrange matters the success of the carnival speaks well for their abilities as hustlers.

DOESN'T it seem like a pretty raw deal when we consider that, barring Longboat, every member of the Olympic team leaving this country, and the American team as well, are either natives of the old world or descendants of old-world people, and yet for his own private ends Czar Sullivan will employ almost any tactic to keep this aborigine, this native son of American soil, at home.

This may be sentiment but there

is no question about Longboat's only sin against the A. A. U. laws being the manner in which he cleaned up for the Americans at Boston last year and if he had only been born on the other side of the border it is safe to say that he would have now been occupying quarters with Sullivan's New York stable of athletes and living easy in preparation for the Olympic games. One lone representative of the original people and every effort being made to keep him out. How about it? Think it over.

A CONTEST at golf that is attracting considerable interest has been arranged for next Tuesday afternoon on the links of the Lambton Club. The participants will be Mr. C. Aubrey Smith, an English actor and athlete of considerable reputation and Mr. George S. Lyon of Toronto. Mr. Smith will be in the city at that time playing with Marie Doro in "The Morals of Marcus," at the Princess. He is the Sir Marcus Ordeyne in W. J. Locke's fantastic comedy. He enacted the part when the play was produced in England and was brought to this country by Mr. Charles Frohman to support Miss Doro in the same play on this continent.

Smith is a Cambridge man and left college with a reputation for leading in athletics. Cricket and football were his college sports. Subsequently he captained a Sussex cricket team that made two triumphant trips to South Africa and Australia. For the past few years he has devoted his leisure moments to golf and has gained a reputation in England as a promising amateur champion. He has met some leading players in the United States, and Mr. Lyon, hearing of this, signified his willingness to make a match at Lambton next Tuesday afternoon.

On the Monday night previous to the match Mr. Lyon and a party of friends will be guests of Mr. Smith at a box party at the Princess and on Tuesday afternoon Miss Doro and her company will be of the gallery at the golf match to spur their favorite on to greater effort. It is needless to say that Mr. Lyon's supporters will be out in force.

HAVING a sheet of water fourteen acres in extent, which he desired to stock with trout, the Marquis of Bute, decided to use dynamite in clearing the lock of pike and other voracious fish. A number of explosions occurred, each throwing up a solid cone of water to sixty or one hundred feet. The experiment is said to have been a success, thousands of dead fish being subsequently found.

A READER has written to ask whether it is true that blackbirds destroy the eggs and young of robins. He desires us to refer him to a reliable authority on the subject. We believe there is no doubt about the guilt of the blackbird, or bronze grackle as he is properly called. C. W. Nash in his "Birds of Ontario" says of them: "They are early migrants, arriving here about the end of March, and resorting at once to their nesting places. From this time until the oats are sown they probably feed entirely on insects, but as soon as the grain is in the ground they visit the newly sown fields and help themselves liberally, varying their diet by taking as many small birds' eggs and young as they can conveniently get at. I have on several occasions seen them attack and carry off young robins, in spite of the vigorous defence set up by the victims' parents and all the friends they could sum-



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mon to their assistance."

Speaking of red-winged blackbirds, Mr. Nash says these never interfere with other birds or their nests.

SPEAKING about the way the waters around Sturgeon Falls are being emptied of fish the North Bay Times says: "The tourists are building up and improving the place, while the fishermen are only here while the fishing lasts. Their shanties on the shores are of the very poorest. In fact the parties who hold the licenses would not stay in them over night, but have a lot of cheap men to do the slaughtering work. As an example of how rapidly the waters are being depleted, we may say that when they started fishing in Sturgeon Falls about six years ago, they shipped in refrigerators or cars and handled the fish with pitch forks. The statement given from the express office at Sturgeon Falls for the year 1907, deduction being made for ice, averaged for the six months about 68 tons, where it is clearly seen that at the time they started fishing there was more fish shipped in a few weeks than for the whole season of 1907. They are being cleaned out so fast that the Sturgeon Falls people ask for licenses for only three months. Is it that they think that in the early spring season they can catch the few that are left?"

That there is an increasing tendency toward novel effects in male attire, in Toronto, is evidenced by the fact (as stated by Burton, the well known men's tailor) that his patrons are this spring insisting on having their garments cut according to the most up-to-date styles to be seen on Fifth Avenue, New York, and Piccadilly, men, expresses great satisfaction over London. Mr. Burton, whose establishment at 73 West King street is these days the rendezvous of a large proportion of Toronto's well dressed the increased attention paid to "the clothes question" by Toronto men.

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THE DELECTABLE SPECKLES

By THEODORE J. GRAYSON

AN affectionate community of ownership had resulted in a variety of names. In the first instance, and properly, her card ran

MISS SPECKLES GLIDDON

"The Nook"

Inchester

but she answered willingly to "Speck," "Specky," "Noodles," "Pootie," "Spoo," and numerous other abbreviations more or less euphonious.

In early youth she had been acquired by three maiden ladies through a species of sentimental adoption. Her mother, a fox terrier well and favorably known to the genealogists of dogdom, died quite suddenly next door and left three disconsolate puppies to the tender mercies of mankind. Of these "Speckles" was the most appealing, by reason of the pathetic black patches encompassing her bright eyes, and these serviceable patches landed her permanently in the home of the Misses Gliddon.

All Inchester knew the Misses Gliddon. This of course for, being a small town, Inchester collectively was intimately acquainted with Inchester individually. They could tell you at the Guild meeting, between stitches piously taken for the heathen, how, many years ago when Margaret was fifteen and Anna and Maria still in pinafores, the Gliddons had come to Inchester "from Jersey" and settled in the grey stone house on Rose Lane. There they lived "pretentiously" for several years, when suddenly Mr. Gliddon, the silent, stoop-shouldered father, "failed," whereupon the family removed to a box of a house on the outskirts of town attended, for a brief time by that curious pity and vague condemnation which are meted out in this country to the financially unfortunate.

For further particulars you could drop in at the Library of a "Board Morning," and some of the bookish set there assembled would tell you, confidentially, how the Gliddons had each faced the problem of "doing something," a problem so difficult of solution to the genteel poor. Of course, your interest in the Gliddons is assumed, but something about them differentiated them from their neighbors, and what is so attractive as the unusual?

Maria was the "man of the house," stout of figure, kindly of face, with a business sense and useful practicality painstakingly acquired and wholly at variance with a certain dreamy domesticity inherited from a long line of housewifely forebears. Anna, quiet, steady, self-contained, seemed the household equator circling the home equidistant from sisterly poles. As to Margaret one would say that some malevolent fairy must have whitened her coquettish gray curls, so strangely inconsistent did they seem as a frame for her child's face. The oldest in years, yet always the "baby," Margaret at sixty was as petulant, self-willed and inconsiderate as she had been at six, and equally the object of her sisters' tolerance and the misguided sympathy of her friends.

It was therefore not surprising that when Maria called to Margaret one bright June morning, to close the back door, Margaret should stop "to reason why" contrary to the dictum of Tennyson and common sense, and that Speckles, seizing the opportunity thus afforded and profiting further by the fortuitous fact that the iceman who had served "twenty years in the kivry mum!" should bound through the aperture in legs and door and vanish down the lane, a twinkle of white and black in a dusty halo.

"Now you've done it again!" exclaimed Maria from the second floor landing. "Why did you let her out?" "I'm sure I didn't know she was there," wailed Margaret, "and—and I think it's very mean of you, Maria, to blame me."

"I'd like to ketch 'er, mum," the iceman interjected, "if I wasn't that stiff with the rheumatiz."

"Oh! I'll catch her myself, thank you." And suiting her actions to her words, Maria ran down stairs and out into the fresh, green lane in pursuit of the elusive "Speckles."

There was no sign of the dog other than the occasional faint impress of a dainty paw on the dusty road.

"Oh! Specky, you naughty child, where in the world are you?" soliloquized Miss Maria, turning from the lane into the main road which stretched away like a long white finger guiding the traveller to a distant land.

As "Speck's" hesitant mistress stood trying to decide which way to go her back was turned to the object of her search who was scampering happily along a hundred yards away.

The great question in "Speck's" mind was what to do with the newly acquired liberty. Hitherto she had

been geographically restricted by the carefully watched front door on the one hand and the vine-covered back gate on the other. Freedom was sweet to Speckles, it was positively exhilarating; every muscle in her lithe little body quivered with excitement as she trotted along gazing in round-eyed wonder at the yellow masses of waving wheat which towered above her on either side. Far, far above her head she saw the deep blue summer sky flecked now and again by a troop of soft white clouds sailing majestically along like mighty ships cleaving a quiet sea. At the edge of the road lay a mossy gutter filled with grass and weeds, daisies and dandelions, assailing the eyes with ever-changing combinations of color, gold, white and green mingling with the unstudied profusion and beauty of arrangement which is characteristic of untrammelled Nature. Away to the left beyond the golden wall of the wheat came the lowing of cattle, while the hum of insects filled the air with that gentle droning sound which only intrudes upon the consciousness when it ceases.

Now, all this impressed Speckles and delighted her. I do not mean to say that she analyzed either the scenery or her personal relation to it, but she had a well formed idea that this great new world was a beautiful place, and a very definite opinion that it was pleasant for an active fox-terrier to be loose in it.

It was unfortunate for the continuance of "Speck's" tour that she so quickly lost control of her rising enthusiasm, and, her methods of expression being limited, barked loudly.

Miss Maria wheeled about at the familiar sound and started in hot pursuit, while a gentleman coming in the opposite direction, noticing her haste and guessing its cause, whistled cheerfully to the errant Speckles and, as she approached to investigate, dexterously gathered her into his arms, where, after barking and squirming for a moment, she recognized a master hand and submitted to her fate.

"I beg your pardon, but this is your dog, is she not?" Miss Maria noted with pleased surprise that he did not say "is it not?"

"Yes, indeed, thank you so much for catching her—this is Mr. Cline?"

"Harold Cline, at your service, and you are Miss Gliddon?"

"Miss Maria Gliddon," she corrected, taking "Specks" from him as she spoke. "It is really strange that we haven't met before; as it is we owe our introduction to this naughty dog."

"I hope you will pardon her," Cline replied, "for her indiscretion has given me much happiness."

He spoke ponderously but with an old fashioned courtesy as delightful as unusual.

Miss Maria dimpled at the unexpected compliment and a blush which she strove vainly to control stole over her face and even suffused her neck and ears.

"Thank you," she said, "it is good for neighbors to know one another and now, if you will excuse me, I'll take Speckles home."

That night Harold Cline sat in his "den" smiling to himself every now and then and never touching the pad of paper which he had placed before him.

Cline was a journalist—an editorial writer for an afternoon paper and it was unusual for anything to interfere with his work. However, trying in vain to control his thoughts he took his hat and strolled through the quiet Inchester byways until he found himself passing the Gliddon homestead.

"Who is that handsome gray-haired man, Maria? Do you know?" asked Anna, for they were all sitting on the porch after supper.

"He is the gentleman who captured 'Speck' this morning," Maria answered. "He was very kind."

"Why, Maria, how you are blushing," twittered Margaret. "He must have impressed you!"

"He did, he is a gentleman of the old school," and Maria's tone challenged further teasing.

At this moment Speckles caught sight of her friend and tore over the tiny lawn to the gate where she barked a joyous welcome, and as Cline passed along she followed him on her side of the fence, never ceasing to invite him to come in and pay her a visit. He smiled at the wee dog's importunity and looking up caught the amused gaze of the sisters. He raised his hat and smiled again.

Maria rose and came forward. "Won't you come in for a while, Mr. Cline, we shall be glad to see you. 'Speck's' sentiments are obvious."

"Thank you," Cline replied, opening the little wicket as he spoke, "I

shall be very glad to do so."

For a half hour they sat together chatting pleasantly about a variety of things in which they had a common interest, of Inchester and its people, of kitchen gardening, and of a few good books known and loved by them all.

It did not seem five minutes to Cline, though his watch belied it, before he was out again in the starlit street on his way home. He called it home, but never before had the word seemed so empty. A poor boy with an invalid sister to support, his early days had been a continuous struggle and now in life's afternoon he found himself alone, the gentle sister was at rest, and although he had achieved a moderately successful career, it seemed to him that his course had so far been a barren one. There were many trees along his path whose fruit he had never plucked, there were many cooling wells where he had not stopped to drink as he passed by. He longed for someone who should care for him and whom he could care for with a great unselfish love. The prattle of children seemed to float softly in the evening air, and as he closed his eyes that night, troops of dear and unaccustomed fancies attended him brightly to the land of dreams.

Meanwhile "Speck" was telling her family how much she liked her erstwhile captor.

By short, sharp barks, by the code of tail senaphore, and by numerous other signs, intelligible to all lovers of the canine race, she manifested her enthusiastic approval of Harold Cline.

"It's rather queer, isn't it, that 'Speck' should be so attracted to him?" queried Margaret.

"He is evidently thoroughly familiar with dog nature," Anna commented, "and that explains it."

Maria said nothing but after they had gone to their rooms she remained for a long time leaning out of her window, her sweet face framed by the purple glory of wistaria and a gentle smile playing about the corners of the sensitive mouth.

From that time on, throughout the pleasant summer, Harold Cline paid frequent visits to his little friend "Specks." Finally Speckles got to expect him every evening and Miss Maria would blush hotly as "Speck" assumed the position of "lookout" just inside the gate.

Then came a dreadful day when "Specks" limped up the path in agony, with one dainty paw crushed by a stone thrown by some cruelurchin.

With tear-dimmed eyes, Miss Maria gathered her pet tenderly in her arms and soothed the quivering body against her breast. All the wealth of mother love with which she was so richly dowered, flowed freely to the little dog, who for years had filled the place in her life which children should have occupied.

That evening there was no welcome bark as Cline came up the path and with real solicitude he joined the group of sorrowing women about a much bandaged and decidedly crestfallen "Speck." Throughout her convalescence he was most attentive, bringing her each day a paper bucket of ice cream, the forbidden joy of her healthful hours.

At last one evening Miss Maria proudly called a recovered "Specks" and to prove to him the permanence of the cure, the close friends went for a stroll along the same road where they had first met months before.

The moon was nearly full and the long white road was bathed in silver gleams. There was something solemn and mystical about the night, hardly sad, yet saddening. They all felt it and walked almost in silence, even "Specks" stilling her accustomed bark.

Cline was the first to speak. "It has been a great pleasure and a great privilege for me to see your tender care of this little dog."

"Oh! You must not say that," she answered. "'Speck' means so much to me. Every woman needs someone weaker than herself to protect and love."

"Yes, that is woman's mission," he mused, "a life of ministry, how beautiful it is."

She sighed softly. "I fear you idealize," she said.

"No," he spoke earnestly, "I have earned it through the years. I am no longer young. I have gone up and down the world and wrestled some of the secrets of existence. I know the things that are worthy and the things that are unworthy. Out of the great passing drama of our life, with its maze of cross purposes and sordid aims, there is but one wholly satisfying emotion, and that is love."

He paused, but she did not speak.

"I have often wondered," he continued, "if your sisters and 'Specks,' delectable as she is, filled all your heart."

Again he paused. Maria wonder-



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ed if he could hear her tumultuous heart beats. She turned her head gently away and gazed with unseeing eyes across the shimmering fields. They were walking very slowly and she could feel the strong emotion in the man beside her in every word, in every uneven step.

Suddenly he took both her hands in his and standing before her, compelled her to look at him. "Dearest," he cried, "I need you so, it seems as though I have always needed you. Nothing else is worth while. What have you to say to me?"

What had she to say? Nothing, nothing in words, but "Speck" barked furiously at an unprecedented sight, for the next moment Miss Maria was hiding her irresistible blushes on Cline's shoulder, while the genial old moon beamed benignly from his far off station in the sky.—From The Bellman.

Mrs. Handout—Have you no desire for better things? Traump—Certain! I wish you'd take back dis hash an' gimme broiled chicken.—Leslie's Weekly.



TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

JOSEPH T. CLARK, Editor.

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! POINTS ABOUT PEOPLE !

Legislators Becoming Bare-Faced.

IF an old time habit of the press gallery or of the Speaker's gallery of the Ontario Legislature were to wander into the House to-day one of the things which could not fail to strike him would be the marked change in the facial adornments of the members. Even so late as the Legislature of 1891-1894, sixty or seventy per cent. of the members wore either full beards or whiskers, but to-day hirsute appendages to the chin or cheek are greatly in the minority. On the walls of the Parliament buildings hang many group pictures of recent and more remote Legislatures, and these afford means of comparison with present-day conditions. Taking Sir Oliver Mowat's Cabinet in the early nineties, one finds the little Premier himself and the "wicked partner," the late Arthur Sturges Hardy, and Hon. Richard Harcourt all displaying "side-burns," while the late Mr. Bronson, the late Mr. Fraser, the late Hon. A. M. Ross, the present Senator G. W. Ross, Hon. John Dryden and Hon. J. M. Gibson all wearing beards, which were then dark of hue, but which in the surviving members are now touched with grey by Time's finger. Coming to the more recent years of the Ross Administration, one sees that the Premier himself and Hon. Mr. Stratton, Hon. Mr. Davis, Hon. Mr. Gibson and Speaker Charlton all spared the razor. Not so with Ontario's present rulers. There is not a beard in the Cabinet, while Premier Whitney and Hon. Dr. Willoughby are the only two whose cheeks are not clean shaven.

The old jokes regarding the farmers' whiskers certainly do not apply to the representatives of Ontario's rural ridings, for most of them, like their fellow members, are either clean-shaven or wear moustaches only. Among the men now in the House who appear in the old photographs as possessing beards, but who have sacrificed them to the march of modern progress, are Messrs. Hoyle (North Ontario), Auld (South Essex), Bowman (North Bruce), Thompson (North Simcoe), Gallagher (Frontenac), and Morrison (West Hastings). Mr. W. A. Preston (Port Arthur and Rainy River) is the only legislator whose beard may be described as of the luxuriant variety, while Sergeant-at-Arms Glackmeyer represents the type of whiskers worn by Governor Hughes of New York, and graphically described by William Randolph Hearst as belonging to the feather duster family. These exceptions, however, only serve to accentuate the constant trend of men to face the world without the fortuitous aid of hair to conceal their thoughts and emotions, and, judging by the experience of the past, visitors to the Legislature when the Liberal party next takes office in 1928 will see an assemblage of bare-faced statesmen.

When G. P. G. was Speaker.

A CROWD of newspapermen were the other evening discussing the closing of the Ontario Legislature, when the Minister of Railways, who had dropped in for one of his frequent chats with the "boys," told a story of the time years ago when he was called upon to fill the Speaker's chair in the Parliament buildings at Queen's Park. It was, of course, in the good old Grit days, and there was consequently a surplus of good Grits present. Just as soon as Mr. Graham got in the chair some practical joker passed the word around and soon the acting-Speaker was astounded to notice practically all the occu-

pants of the Government benches disappear. He wondered what had happened; whether there had been a sudden call to a caucus or some other pressing party necessity; but he was soon put at rest on the point, for one by one the good Grits came back, and every one as he came in bowed to the "Speaker," and naturally the "Speaker" had to bow back. This went on until the Tories also "caught on" to the game, and the result was that before "genial George" vacated the chair practically every member of the Assembly, except, of course, the august leaders, had made their obeisance to "Mr. Speaker" and poor "Mr. Speaker" had to make his in return.

"I tell you, boys," was the way the Minister of Railways finished the story, "my neck was sore for two days after. No more Speakerships for me."

Two Administrators.

THERE could be no greater contrast in this world than Sir Charles Fitzpatrick, the present administrator of the Government of Canada, and his predecessor, Sir Elzear Taschereau. The latter, when called upon to proceed to the Senate Chamber to give the Royal assent to bills, insisted upon proceeding in state. He would have the two-horse carriage, and he also insisted upon appearing in full uniform and upon sitting on the throne. "Fitz," as he is commonly called, although he is Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, simply walks up to the Parliament buildings like any other plain citizen. He is dressed in his frock coat, and he takes his place upon the Speaker's chair in the Senate with the air of a man who would say: "This is an awful nuisance. The sooner it is over the better I shall be pleased."

How Joe Howe Got Back at Tupper.

A WAY back in pre-Confederation days Joseph Howe and Dr. Tupper found themselves pitted against each other in Lunenburg County, and our Nova Scotia correspondent to the "Points about People" page contributes this excellent story of that occasion:

Howe, who, with all his excellences, was most undoubtedly a "bit of a blarney," had been assuring the Lunenburgers of his admiration and attachment to their beautiful country. There was no portion of Nova Scotia, he said, in which he would so gladly reside; while he was away from them he felt quite homesick, etc., etc. To this Tupper made the effective reply that as Mr. Howe was slated for a Cabinet position, which would necessitate his residence in Halifax, the kindest thing the people of Lunenburg could do would be to give him a chance to realize his dream of living among them by placing him at the bottom of the poll.

Howe's chance came a little later, at a joint meeting of the two doughty opponents. Tupper had just finished one of his tremendous sledge-hammer orations, during which, as was his custom, he drank a good many tumblers of water.

"Well, gentlemen," said Howe, as he rose to reply, "this is the first time I ever saw a wind-mill run by water."

Canadian Teachers in New York.

T HE recent proposal to discriminate against out-of-town teachers applying for positions on the staff of the Board of Education is an exact reversal of the policy adopted in the great cities of the United States. In New York especially the teacher from Toronto who can show a good record and pass the brief examination imposed is almost sure of an engagement. In fact the recommendation of Inspector Hughes insures a young woman respectful and kindly consideration. There are Canadian women in all the vast schools of the great city, and they find the work, especially among the foreign population, a great change after the tranquil life of a teacher here.

One Canadian girl has been working for some time as an assistant principal in one of the great schools on the east side of New York, where the three thousand pupils are practically all Russian Jews. With other teachers, she lives in a sort of "settlement house" in the heart of the district. The teachers are known and looked up to by the people of the tenements and can go and come at all hours without fear of molestation. But making one's way along the crowded sidewalks, among the clamorous and quarrelsome population, is sometimes a trying business to a tired and nervous woman.

One evening the Canadian girl came home "dead beat," and, sinking into a chair, began her plaint: "What's the use? Here we are living down among these people, trying to civilize them, and I don't believe we make them one bit better."

Said an older teacher who had been much longer in the work: "You remind me of a little story. There was a man who had a dog who barked all the time. One night the man resolved to stop it and went down stairs. The barking ceased but the man did not return. His wife became alarmed and went down stairs to see what was the matter. The man had the door partly open and was holding the dog by the throat. When his wife asked him what he was doing he said: 'I'm holding this dog out in the air until he freezes to death.'"

The tired teacher saw the application.

British Columbia's Wealthiest Man.

HON. JAMES DUNSMUIR, Lieutenant-Governor of British Columbia, although one of Canada's few multi-millionaires, is but little known in the East. Indeed, the average man in Ontario had probably never heard of him until he came into notice recently in connection with the Natal Act. This Act was designed to exclude Japanese and Hindus from British Columbia, and was vetoed by Governor Dunsmuir, who is a large employer of Oriental labor. Later he assented to the measure, but it was declared *ultra vires* by the Supreme Court of the province.

Lieutenant-Governor Dunsmuir is fifty-seven years of age. His father, Hon. Robt. Dunsmuir, was a Scotchman who amassed a fortune from coal mining in British Columbia. "Jim," as the Governor is called by his friends,

was sent to the public school at Nanaimo and then spent four years learning the machinist's trade. Then he spent some time at the Wesleyan Institute at Dundas, Ont., and later was given charge of his father's coal mines near Nanaimo. As a manager he did well, and in 1889 moved to Victoria. To-day he has the largest pay-roll in British Columbia. He usually employs 2,500 miners and helpers. Among these are at present 132 Japanese, 273 Chinese, and other Orientals. He also has other large commercial and railway interests. He is fair as an employer, but refuses to recognize labor unions.

Governor Dunsmuir is a plain, blunt man. But nevertheless he is building for himself on his new estate, Heatley Park, on Esquimalt Harbor, what promises to be the finest residence in Canada. It will cost \$350,000, and the grounds will be laid out on a scale to rival the finest old-world estates. He also has an ocean-going yacht, worth \$200,000, nearing completion in Scotland. It is estimated in the West that James Dunsmuir is worth about ten million dollars. He is self-centred, cares nothing about club life, or art, or society, or public opinion. His enemies hate him well. Governor Dunsmuir married a Southern lady, and they have a large family.

Dunsmuir's critics say that self-interest was his motive in entering politics. He was elected to the Legislature in 1898, and in 1900, after the defeat of Hon. Joseph Martin, he was called on to form a cabinet. This was before party government was introduced in the province. As Premier he was neither brilliant nor a failure. He was made Lieutenant-Governor in 1906.

Governor Dunsmuir, who is now travelling abroad, denies the report that he intends going to live in England, and says that he will continue to make his home in British Columbia.

Getting Even With a Smart Operator.

T HE boys who tap the keys at a local telegraph office were anxious to get even with a Montreal operator. He caused them considerable trouble by sending fast on a bad wire, bulling cables, and other crimes. One of the chief sufferers called the Montreal man up the other night at a slack time.

"J. F. Montreal, have Chinese cable for you," H. D., Toronto, sent the number of words in the message, from Hong Kong, via Vancouver. Sender Hing Lung to Frank Li, Montreal. Will explain body of message: get paper. Make two perpendicular lines. Draw line from base of left-hand line A, to a point on right-hand line B, to be called C, so as to cut B in two geometrically equal parts."

Lapse of five minutes to allow J. F., Montreal, to borrow a ruler and make the figure.

The key clicked again.

"Got it? Be careful about dividing line into exact halves, else devil to pay. Fraction difference turn 'good' to 'rotten.'"

The click-clack stopped again for another five minutes while J. F. was making sure.

"All right. Extend line A C quarter inch from point C. Be careful. Eighth means 'pig,' 'dear' is sent. Got it all right? At top of sheet, exact centre—rule it—(it was ruled) make round square."

There was a pause. Then on the Toronto receiver: "Dash, dot, dot; dot, dash; dash dash; dash dash, dash dash; dot dot dash dot; dot dot dash."

"Wise at last," said H. D. to the joyous bunch who had been listening.

J. F. never sends fast on a bad wire now or bulls cables. And you have but to mention Chinese cables any time he gets fresh when you "break" him on the wire.

A Nova Scotian Who Has Had a Picturesque Career.

T HERE are not a few men in Canada, as in every country, who, practically unknown, are filling modest corners in the fabric of citizenship, but who have served their flag and country well, and in times past have seen many gallant adventures. Such a man is Major Frederick Harris Dawes Veith, at present a sessional clerk at Ottawa, and it is interesting to have his life-story brought to light, and to see his achievements given deserved publicity and recognition.

Major Veith has had a volume published in Montreal, called, "Recollections of the Crimean Campaign and the Expedition to Kinburn in 1855," including also sporting and dramatic incidents in connection with garrison life in the Canadian Maritime Provinces. And Dr. Morgan, editor of Canadian Men and Women of Our Time, published at Ottawa, notes that the work establishes the writer's claim to be ranked among the most distinguished sons of the New Dominion. "Here we have," says Dr. Morgan, "a Canadian, a native of the loyal province of Nova Scotia, who, while attending school in the city of Halifax, casts his books aside, and having obtained a commission in the army, and passed the necessary examinations therefor, proceeds to the Crimea, where he shares with his gallant countrymen, Welsford and Parker, and the many other Canadians to be found there, the many perils and sacrifices of a soldier's life. Welsford and Parker were slain in battle; Veith, with Williams, Dunn, Stuart, Wells, Forsyth, Robertson, the two Popes, and Joly de Lotbiniere, escaped. To-day he is the last surviving Canadian of those who took part in the great struggle, where so much was risked, and so little gained, for the honor of the flag. More than this, by a daring and gallant act performed at the taking of Kinburn, our fellow-countryman earned special distinction, for which his name must always find a place in the military annals of his country."

Returning to Canada with his regiment (the old 63rd), Major Veith served in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, and commanded the guard of honor on the occasion of the visit of the King, then Prince of Wales, to Fredericton. Later, at a time of national emergency, he helped to raise a regiment of volunteers, in which he was given the rank of major, the late P. S. Hamilton, the well-known writer and journalist, being the lieutenant-colonel commanding.

Major Veith, in addition to his soldierly qualities, has been highly praised as an amateur actor—being an ex-

cellent light comedian—and as a writer for the press. There are admirers of Major Veith in Ottawa who would like to see him receive a better position in the public service than he now occupies. At all events his services and the interest attaching to his career ought to ensure a good sale for his book of recollections.

As a Woman Does Business.

A WOMAN'S way of doing business was recently illustrated in connection with the Ontario Bank liquidation. A few years ago a young lady went to New York to live, leaving on deposit here in a branch institution a deposit of \$500 or more. She hardly thought about it and it went on drawing interest for several years. Two or three months ago in talking with a Canadian friend she learned that the Ontario Bank had failed more than a year previously, and immediately the idea came into her head that it was a branch of this bank that held her money. In some consternation she wrote to friends in Toronto to know if it were true that the bank had failed, and was advised that she need not be alarmed about her deposit, but that she had better communicate at once with the Bank of Montreal. She wrote the latter institution in vague terms, saying that she had had a deposit in the Ontario Bank and would like to know if it were safe. A reply came back stating in courteous terms that if she would inform them as to the amount, and date of the account, and in what branch it had been deposited, the matter would be investigated. She tried to remember the location and wrote back giving a corner site where no bank existed for the good reason that the two streets mentioned do not meet. A week or so later she received the following reply:

"Dear Madam: After a good deal of research we have ascertained that you did not have a deposit in the Ontario Bank, but that one stands to your credit in the Bank of —, at the corner of X and Y streets."

The lady was gratified with the courtesy of the bank, but too fearful of the laughter men were having over the "the woman in business" to reply.

Distinguished Visitors to the Pageant.

ACCORDING to present arrangements, the Prince of Wales will sail from Portsmouth for Canada about July 16. The choice of the vessel (says Canada, the London weekly) on which his Royal Highness will cross the Atlantic has not yet definitely been made, but it is probable that the new armored cruiser Minotaur, now completing at Devonport, will be employed. His Royal Highness is due to arrive back at Portsmouth on August 8. As the Citadel, the residence of the Governor-General at Quebec, is somewhat small, it is probable that the Prince will remain on board ship during his stay.

In addition to his Royal Highness's personal suite, Sir Francis Hopwood, Permanent Under-Secretary for the Colonies, will accompany the Prince to Canada, travelling in the same ship. Lord Elgin has been compelled to decline the Governor-General's invitation, owing to the fact that Parliament will be sitting. It is hoped that some of the foremost men of the South African Colonies will be present, and invitations have been sent. All the Provincial Premiers of Canada will be present. The Earl of Dudley, who was recently appointed Governor-General of Australia, will represent the Commonwealth, and proceed to his new post by way of Canada on the conclusion of the celebrations. Owing to the session of Parliament no Australian Minister can be present.

Do you Remember the Stone Man?

T HE late John M. Shaw, of Elora, was a newspaper man of whom many in the business like to tell recollections. He was an unusually bright local paragrapher. "I remember," said an old acquaintance of his the other day, "that at the time of the Fenian raids he made quite a sensation by publishing a paragraph to the effect that trouble had broken out in an Irish settlement in Wellington county, and that a cow had been shot by the rebels. People were so excited at the time that they were ready to believe anything, and scouts were on guard on various hill-tops watching for the slayers of the cow."

"Perhaps you may recall a sensational story," continued this old-timer, "that went the rounds of the press back in 1881, about a man—a very profane man he was—who had lived in the township of Peel, and one day, indulging in a particularly bad outburst of blasphemy, was turned into stone where he stood in the open field. The story went on to say that there he stood day and night, with people coming from far and near to see him. As a matter of fact people drove long distances to see this stone man—but, of course, he wasn't there. That sensational story first saw print in J. M. Shaw's paper, the Elora Express. He explained, however, that the story was in circulation and he gave it as news without vouching for it."

A Little Mistake in a Motto.

D R. GEORGE JOHNSTONE, of Grand Pre, N. S., ex-Government Statistician at Ottawa, is responsible for the following story, which has not, so far as I know, ever appeared in print (writes our Nova Scotia anecdotalist):

It was in the good old days, when "John A." walked this sublimity sphere, and a great Conservative rally was to be held in Toronto. Dr. Johnstone, as a very close personal friend of the old chieftain, accompanied the party to the Queen City. The party included the present Sir William Meredith, known in those remote days, if one may make so free with such an august personage, among his innumerable personal admirers as "Bill Meredith."

During the afternoon, some hours before the meeting was to be held, Dr. Johnstone walked over to the hall to take a look around. Among the mottoes with which the room was profusely decorated was one which puzzled him considerably. It ran as follows: "Welcome to our noble young Irish-Canadian." After some difficulty the doctor hunted up the manuscript from which the mottoes had been taken. It was written in a very crabbed hand, but finally he managed to decipher the words: "Welcome to our noble young Irish-Canadian," meaning of course Mr. Meredith.

A N Arcola, Illinois, man is at work with a number of hay-balers baling up snow for next summer's use, says an Associated Press telegram. He tried the experiment last year and found that baled snow makes an ice of better quality than ordinary frozen or manufactured ice. He had no trouble in disposing of his last year's output and will work on a bigger scale this year. It is said that the baled snow will stand more hot weather than ordinary ice will.

REMEMBER that life isn't a balloon; you must get rid of the gas and keep the sand.—Ex.

THE ROYAL CANADIAN ACADEMY

By R. HOLMES

At the time of the arrival in Canada of the Marquis of Lorne and Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise, to assume vice-regal duties here, there were in Canada two Art societies of some recognized local importance: the Art Association of Montreal, founded in 1860, and the Ontario Society of Artists, founded in 1872. There was no general organization embracing the whole of the country.

In the month of February, 1879, Mr. L. R. O'Brien, the Vice-President of the Ontario Society of Artists, waited upon the new Governor-General, with a request that His Excellency and Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise should become patrons of the society.

In acceding to this request His Excellency expressed the hope that it might not be long before a Royal Canadian Academy of Arts might be instituted, and in addressing the Montreal Art Association on the occasion of the opening of their new building reference was again made to the prospect of founding such an academy.

Shortly afterwards His Excellency addressed a letter to the Vice-President of the Ontario Society of Artists, setting forth in a general way the most important features of the scheme proposed, and in September of the same year at a meeting of the Society, presided over by His Excellency, a resolution was adopted, to the effect that the Society cordially approved of the plan proposed for the formation of an Art organization to embrace the whole of the Dominion, leaving all existing societies intact, and was prepared to take practical steps in that direction. Subsequently, a paper presenting in detail what was suggested as a working basis for the proposed Academy was drafted by His Excellency and submitted to and approved by the Montreal Art Association and the Ontario Society of Artists. Artists suggested for membership by these institutions were in the first instance nominated by the Governor-General, and became members upon complying with the conditions imposed. Following is a list of the original members: President, L. R. O'Brien, Toronto; Vice-President, N. Bourassa, Montreal; Secretary, M. Matthews, Toronto; Treasurer, James Smith, Toronto; W. N. Creswell, Seaforth; H. Langley, Toronto; Allan Edson, Montreal; T. M. Martin, Toronto; D. Fowler, Amherst Island; Wm. Raphael, Montreal; J. A. Fraser, Toronto; Henry Sandham, Montreal; Jas. Griffiths, London; Mrs. Schreiber, Toronto; Robert Harris, Toronto; T. S. Scott, Ottawa; Eugene Hamel, Quebec; W. G. Storm, Toronto; T. W. Hopkins, Montreal; F. C. Van Luppen, Montreal.

ON Saturday, March 6, 1880, the first meeting of the Academy was held, the council for the ensuing year elected and the first exhibition opened by His Excellency the Governor-General, in a gallery in Ottawa placed at the disposal of the Academy by the Dominion Government. Upon this occasion His Excellency outlined the objects of the Academy and spoke of the hopes he entertained of its value in elevating the standard of art among artists and the public, and of its practical usefulness to the industrial workers of the country. In referring to the proposition of a small body of disaffected persons, that the institution of the Academy should be postponed until 1880, His Excellency suggested that his position in relation to the Academy, as its patron, might perhaps be likened to that of the snow-plough in relation to the winter-train. He assumed that it was a part of his duty to charge boldly into the mountains of cold opposition and get rid of the icy crusts in front of the train, and then perhaps become a figurehead when the winter was over. His duty, as he saw it, was admirably performed, but as a matter of fact the Marquis of Lorne never became a mere figurehead, but remained always a vital force, bringing to bear upon



L. R. O'BRIEN.
First President of the R.C.A.
From a bust by Hamilton MacCarthy, R.C.A.

it, received from the encouragement and practical aid of its founders, the Marquis of Lorne and H.R.H. the Princess Louise.

The following memorial, dated May 17, 1880, explains itself:

To His Excellency, etc.
The memorial of the Canadian Academy of Arts, presented on behalf of the said Academy by the Council thereof, respectfully prays:
That whereas, the Canadian Academy of Arts has been founded by Your Excellency and Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise, for the purpose of cultivating and improving the arts of painting, sculpture, architecture and industrial design in the Dominion of Canada, the members of the said Academy earnestly desire that the said Canadian Academy of Arts should receive the direct and personal recognition and patronage of Her Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria, and as a token thereof your memorialists respectfully pray that Her Majesty would graciously be pleased to confer upon the said Academy the name and title of the "Royal Canadian Academy of Arts."
And your memorialists will as in duty bound, etc.
Signed on behalf of the Council,
L. R. O'BRIEN, President.

As the outcome of this memorial Mr. O'Brien received from the Governor-General a despatch, dated July 16, 1880, accompanied by a despatch from the Secretary of State for the Colonies, setting forth that Her Majesty had "graciously approved that the prayer of the memorialists be acceded to," and the Academy became a Royal institution—the first in Canada.

OBJECTS.—According to the terms of the act of incorporation, passed in 1882, the objects of the Academy are: "The encouragement of Design, as applied to painting, sculpture, architecture, engraving and the industrial arts, and the promotion and support of education, leading to the production of beautiful and excellent work in manufactures, such objects to be attained by: 1st, the institution of a national gallery at the seat of government; 2nd, the holding of exhibitions in the principal cities of the Dominion; 3rd, the establishment of schools of art and design."

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.—A national gallery has been instituted at the seat of government. The Dominion Government supplies a local habitation for the collection. Its first home was in the Supreme Court building, where it remained until 1888, when it was removed to its present quarters on the first floor of Victoria Hall, in O'Connor street. A gallery, larger, and perhaps in every way more in keeping with the dignity that one associates with a national collection, is being prepared for it in the building of the Victoria Memorial Museum, now nearing completion. It is to be hoped that the new national gallery and the national collection will each be worthy of the other, and both worthy of the nation.

For the purposes of this collection several resources are drawn upon. The act of incorporation requires that every Academician-elect, before being enrolled and before receiving his diploma, shall contribute to the national gallery a picture, piece of sculpture, design or engraving, that must be approved and accepted by the Council of the Academy, as a satisfactory specimen of his work in the particular branch of art which he professes. The roll of Academicians contains the names of fifty-two members, each of whom, it may be presumed, has contributed such a work of art, which is known as his "diploma work." Occasionally, also, as the spirit moves and funds are readily available, the Academy purchases works of art and presents them to the national gallery. Altogether about seventy pictures by Academicians, approved and accepted by the Council as "works of art" have been contributed by the Academy.

The Dominion Government now makes an annual grant for the purchase of pictures selected by the Advisory Council of the Fine Arts, which council is composed of: Sir George Drummond, Montreal; Mr. Byron E. Walker, Toronto; Hon. Arthur Boyer, Montreal. Among the additions to the collection from this source are:

"The Fathers of Confederation," which Robert Harris, then President, was, on the recommendation of the Academy, commissioned to paint for the Government in 1883; two water-colours by L. R. O'Brien, the first President; four paintings by Paul Peel; three water-colours by D. Fowler; "The Landing of the Marquis" by Gainsborough; "The Death of Nelson" by G. P. Reineagle; "La Gynécée" by Georges Rochegrosse; "The Peddler" by H. Ten Kate; "Pasture Land," a water-colour, by J. H. Wilsenbrück; "Evening" by W. B. Tholen.

The gallery has also received numerous contributions from private sources. Prominent among these are:

"Sansone," a study head, by Sir Frederick Leighton, R.A., presented by the artist; "Portrait of the Rt. Hon. The Marquis of Lorne" by Sir J. E. Millais, presented by the artist; "Time, Death and Judgement" by G. F. Watts, R.A., presented by the artist; "A Portrait" by Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise, presented by the artist.

EXHIBITIONS.—The regular Academy exhibitions, in which all artists of distinguished merit are permitted to exhibit their work, are held annually in one of the principal cities of the Dominion. One—1881—was held in Halifax, but on account of many difficulties in the way of holding them in cities considerably removed from the district in which our artists most do congregate, these exhibitions are now held in more or less regular rotation in Ottawa, Montreal and Toronto. The first exhibition was held in Ottawa, and was opened by the Governor-General, the Marquis of Lorne. Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise, though prevented by an unfortunate accident from being present at the opening, was worthily represented on the walls of this, as of all the earlier exhibitions, by contributions from her own hand, and Her Majesty the Queen, expressed a practical interest in the new Canadian Royal institution by becoming a purchaser from the walls of the gallery on this important occasion. Prominent features of the earlier exhibitions that have not been present in recent years were the large collections of loan pictures and the considerable display of designs for industrial purposes. Less noticeable changes in the catalogues are the disappearance of the old continuous arrangement in favor of the present alphabetical arrangement under artists' names, and the disappearance of the verbose title sometimes running into sixteen or twenty lines of rhyme.

It is a part of the policy of the Academy, in the interests of Canadian art, to hold special exhibitions whenever and wherever it may be considered desirable and found practicable to do so.

A special exhibition was held in 1884 in the newly opened Owens' Art Gallery in St. John, N. B.

In 1886 a very representative art collection prepared by the Academy was an important feature of the Colonial and Indian Exhibition in London.

In 1893 the Academy collection filled two rooms of the Fine Arts building in the Columbian Exhibition in Chicago. Several circumstances are said to have conspired to render it impossible to make a collection of the most important pictures produced in Canada up till that time, and this exhibit necessarily took on much the character of those annually held here. The exhibit was, however, in a general way satisfactory, and five Canadian artists were awarded medals by the Fine Arts Jury.

For two reasons the Academy did not exhibit in the Paris International Exposition of 1900. In the first place, according to the Paris regulations, no Colony as such but only as a part of the Empire with which it was connected, could exhibit in the Fine Arts building; and in the second place, the English Fine Arts committee ruled that it had not been allotted sufficient room to permit any portion of its space to be devoted to Colonial works of art.

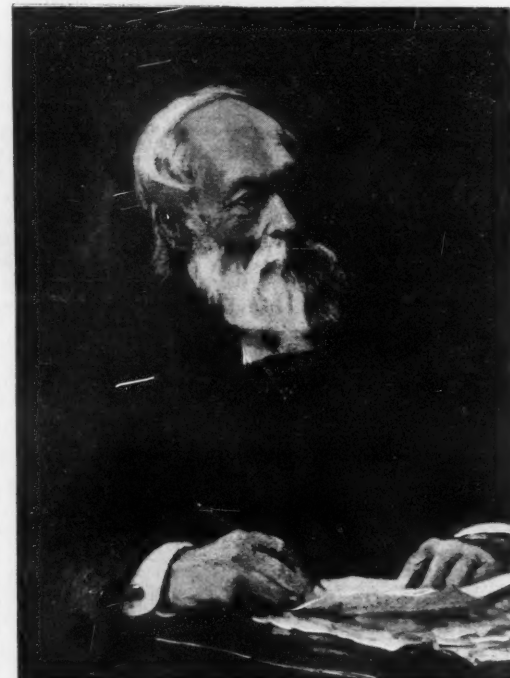
In 1901 an Academy collection was sent to the Pan-American Exposition in Buffalo, under much the same circumstances that were present in the case of the Columbian Exhibition.

In 1904 the Academy exhibit at the St. Louis World's Exposition was well housed and shown under favorable conditions. It was, moreover, pretty thoroughly representative of Canadian art, and in almost every respect made a distinct advance upon all previous exhibits. The Academy was officially represented by a fine art collection of about 175 pictures at the Dominion Industrial Exhibitions in Halifax, N. S., in 1906, and in Sherbrooke, P. Q., last year, and arrangements are now being made for special Academy exhibitions in Winnipeg and Quebec. It is intended to have this latter installed in time to be open during the Tercentenary celebration there.

The matter of having Canadian art represented, whether abroad or in the widely separated centres of various activities in our own country by exhibits of the most worthy specimens of Canadian art available, is of some importance, and it seems as if, with its special facilities, the Academy might perhaps for the future be warranted in placing more emphasis upon this feature of its programme, and might in this way become a very considerable force in strengthening one department of our life that distinguishes the highest civilization from an arrested development.

The following are the officers for the present year:

President—G. A. Reid, Toronto.
Vice-President—W. Brymner, Montreal.
Secretary—James Smith, Toronto.
Council—Gustav Hahn, Toronto; Robert Harris, C.M.G., Montreal; Philippe Hebert, Montreal; M. Matthews, Toronto; J. Hammond, Sackville.



JAMES SMITH, R.C.A.,
Secretary-Treasurer of the Academy; an officer of the R.C.A. since its foundation.

Sackville: J. W. H. Watts, Ottawa; J. C. Pinhey, Hudson; Homer Watson, Doon; E. Dyonnet, Montreal; Wm. Cruikshank, Toronto; Wm. Hope, Montreal; F. M. Knowles, Toronto.

The Governor-General is always patron of the Academy during his term of office. Following is a list of officers since the foundation in 1880:

PRESIDENT.
L. R. O'Brien, Toronto, 1880-1890; O. R. Jacobi, Toronto, 1890-1893; Robert Harris, Montreal, 1893-1906; G. A. Reid, Toronto, 1906.

VICE-PRESIDENT.
H. Bourassa, Montreal, 1880-1885; A. C. Hutchison, Montreal, 1885-1907; W. Brymner, Montreal, 1907.

SECRETARY.
M. Matthews, Toronto, 1880-1887; Jas. Smith, Toronto, 1887.

TREASURER.
Jas. Smith, Toronto, 1880.

The Academy's exhibition of this year opens in Toronto next week. It is retrospective to the extent of ten years. Such an exhibition of the greatest works of art produced in our country must be of interest and should be of profit to us, and it may be that the Royal Canadian Academy, in bringing such a collection before our people, is doing a kind of work the influence of which is greater than is dreamt of in the philosophy of the Philistine.

The Dreamer.

THE dreamer dreamed: and the busy world

Passed by with a mocking smile,

As it went in search of the world's rewards,

But the dreamer dreamed the while.

He saw the world as the world should be,

When longer years had run,

And the world but paused in its work to ask:

"Pray, what has the dreamer done?"

Yet ever the dreamer dreamed his dream,

Until in some wondrous way—

As the water springing in deeps of earth,

Finds passage to upper day—

The dreamer's dream found the man of power—

'Tis strange how men's lives are knit—

Who knew not the dreamer, but took his dream

And transformed the world with it.

The world bows down to the man of power—

Forgotten the dreamer lies—

Yet the dream he dreamed is the secret force

That has forged man's destinies.

—Charles Carter Rollet, in The Bellman.

PREMIER ASQUITH AND THE REPORTERS

BY A CANADIAN JOURNALIST.

IN none of the character sketches which have recently appeared of the new British Premier, the Right Hon. H. H. Asquith, have I observed any reference to what undoubtedly is one of his most peculiar traits—his detestation of newspapermen. I say peculiar, because although it is a common weakness among public men to affect a contempt for the class who report and comment upon their utterances, Mr. Asquith is really sincere in his dislike of reporters, and has frequently taken occasion to express it in the most forcible terms. Indeed, it has been said that he would rather face a hostile deputation of suffragettes, than be interviewed, and as an old country newspaperman who more than once had the temerity to attempt the latter operation, I can scarcely conceive an ordeal more disconcerting, or an experience more crushing. His aversion to the scribes is so marked that the appearance of reporters at any of his meetings makes him irritable; on more than one occasion he has been known to openly show his annoyance at their presence; and woe betide the unfortunate newspaperman who misreports him.

Unlike Mr. Balfour, who once declared that he never read what the newspapers said about him, Mr. Asquith peruses them with the eagle eye of a censor, and it is seldom that he allows the report of one of his speeches to pass without a correction, often of a trivial point, accompanied by a stinging comment. Why a statesman gifted with so many great and likeable qualities should cherish such an animus against the members of a profession who are united in their admiration of his splendid powers is a mystery even to his own friends. Some say it is traceable to the treatment he received at the hands of a section of the press at the time of the Featherstone riots when he was branded in type as an assassin, murderer, and coward. Others believe that it is due to a pride of intellect which is intolerant of publicity.

Personally, I would venture the suggestion that at the outset of his political career Mr. Asquith was somewhat unfortunate in his dealings with the press. Once, for example, he was reported as having denied that the Liberal party were in a "peacock temper," when what he had disclaimed was that they were in a "pique or temper!" Again, I can recollect a certain visit he paid to his constituents in East Fife which must certainly have embittered his relations with the reporters. It was at the time when the breach between the Rosebery and Campbell-Bannerman sections of the Liberal party looked like developing into an open quarrel. It was felt that a crisis had been reached and that the time for plain speaking had arrived. Mr. Asquith was announced to address a meeting of his constituents, and in view of the equivocal position he had hitherto maintained, public interest was strained to a high pitch in anticipation of his pronouncement upon the great issue then agitating political circles. But Mr. Asquith was not to be so easily caught. He issued an innocent intimation that he purposed merely having a quiet talk on organization matters with the Liberal executive in his constituency, and that therefore the meeting would be strictly private. The press and the public had to be content with this assurance, but an enterprising newspaper not too kindly disposed towards the member for East Fife declined to accept the situation thus planned and made arrangements to have a reporter present at the meeting. Every precaution was taken to have only the most trustworthy Liberals admitted; in every case the oath of secrecy was imposed, and when Mr. Asquith faced the small but select body of his followers he received the assurance that he might speak freely and without the slightest fear. Mr. Asquith did speak freely. He dealt with the breach within the Liberal camp with a frankness and courage that left no doubt in the minds of his hearers as to his position. And then he informed them that having taken the leading office bearers of the Liberal Association into his confidence he considered he had discharged his duty and that he did not intend to again refer to the matter.

Imagine his dismay when on the following day a leading newspaper appeared with a full report of his speech! Needless to say it created an immense sensation, for it contained references to some of his political friends and associates that were, to say the least, piquant, and disclosed a good deal of the inner history of the dissension in the party. Mr. Asquith promptly repudiated the accuracy of the report and succeeded to some extent in discrediting it, but probably he has never forgotten the nasty trick played upon him by "those iniquitous scribes" as he once called them, nor does he appear to have forgiven them.

In his attitude towards the press the new Premier is the antithesis of his predecessor. The writer has a pleasant recollection of attending along with a dozen other newspapermen a meeting in a little village near the Forth Bridge which was to be addressed by Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. Something had gone wrong with the arrangements—it was afterwards discovered that there had been a misunderstanding as to the date—and when the hour of meeting arrived there were only Sir Henry, his agent and the reporters in the hall. As all the leading newspapers had made arrangements to have Sir Henry's speech reported it was decided that postponement was out of the question. Accordingly a well-known London newspaperman was appointed chairman and the ex-Premier delivered his speech (and a very good one it was) standing with his back to the fire with the reporters seated around him. When the genial C.B. had finished, someone pointed out that there should be a motion of confidence in the candidate. In Scotland great stress is laid on this part of the proceedings at every political meeting. It takes the form of a resolution solemnly declaring that the candidate is "a fit and proper person to represent the burgh or county," and is accepted or rejected on a show of hands. On this occasion only Sir Henry's agent and two of the reporters were constituents but that did not matter. The motion was duly moved by one newspaperman, seconded by another, put to the meeting by the chairman also, as already stated, a newspaperman and enthusiastically carried. Nobody enjoyed the joke better than Sir Henry who made a humorous acknowledgment of this novel and unexpected mark of appreciation. Next day the newspapers devoted a good deal of space to the speech, and no doubt many readers wondered why the chairman's name was omitted and why there was no mention of the size of the audience or of the mover or seconder of the vote of confidence which the various reports declared had been "unanimously adopted."

Ottawa, April 14.

A SUGAR planter of Trinidad, Mr. Bert de Lamane, has satisfied himself that excellent paper could be profitably made from megass, banana, para grass, and other typical vegetation that abounds in the district. In proof of this confidence he has erected as an adjunct to his sugar factory paper pulp works, at a cost of \$85,000.



G. A. REID,
President of the Royal Canadian Academy.

the many problems with which the Academy was confronted a great amount of wisdom of the very practical kind that is born of serious thought and wide experience. The Academy reports and the reminiscences of early members bear constant testimony to his foresight, judicious counsel and tactful diplomacy exercised in a statesman-like way and with a statesman's grasp of the great facts of the situation. And a consideration of the circumstances attending the institution of the Academy and a careful review of its course through a perspective of twenty-eight years, impresses one with the feeling that a very considerable part of its success is due to the happy auspices under which it was brought into being, and the impetus



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IN THE LAST WEST

PEOPLE in the older parts of the country are slow to learn the real conditions of the far north of Canada in the matters of climate and vegetation. A handsome and well illustrated pamphlet, "The Yukon Territory, its History and Resources," issued by the Department of the Interior, contains much valuable information on this subject. It is the general belief that the winter in Yukon is extremely rigorous, and that the few hours of light during the day render this season anything but pleasant. It is true that at times the cold is intense, but periods of extremely low temperature do not continue long. Very cold weather for a week or two is generally followed by a milder period. A temperature of 15 to 25 below zero may be characterized as ideal Yukon winter weather. The most depressing period is between the middle of December and the end of the first week in January. During that time the sun shines occasionally on the hills, unless there is severe cold, when the sun may not be seen for several weeks.

At Dawson, according to an official report by Mr. R. F. Stupart, spring opens toward the end of April, the last zero weather occurring about the fifth of this month. May 23 is the average date of the last frost of spring. Daily observations during five summers indicate that on the average the temperature rises to 70 degrees or higher on 46 days and to 80 or higher on 14 days. 90 degrees was recorded in Dawson in June, 1898, and 95 degrees in July of the same year. These temperatures, with much bright sunshine and an absence of frost during three months, together with the long days of a latitude so close to the Arctic circle, account for the success achieved by market gardeners near Dawson in growing a large variety of garden produce, including lettuce, radishes, cabbages, cauliflowers, and potatoes, and warrant the belief that the harder cereals might be successfully grown there. On an island in the Yukon at Ogilvie oat-hay averages two tons to the acre. Native and oat hay are grown to quite an extent at different points.

Many islands in the Klondike valley and along the Yukon have been cleared and made into gardens, in which excellent vegetables are grown. In Dawson there are some good-sized hot-houses, too, where vegetables are grown for winter sale. One firm, Paddock Brothers, have about 10,000 feet under glass. They sell lettuce at 25 cents a bunch and tomatoes at 50 to 75 cents a pound in March. To the Easterner, as Professor Macoun says, the growth of Yukon vegetables is astonishing, as they mature in July.

Many houses in Dawson are in summer surrounded by masses of flowers. They fairly riot around the Commissioner's residence, and other places where they are cultivated with any care. Sweet peas will grow from nine to twelve feet in height. Canary creeper and Japanese hops will run from 25 to 30 feet in a season. The bloom of stocks, asters, nicotine, and other plants cannot be surpassed. The bloom and foliage of all plants are strong, bright and clean.

TWO Edmonton men, A. A. Carroll and H. B. Hall, have left on what The Journal, of Edmonton, terms "probably the most unique expedition in the history of prospecting in the West and North." They intend to float down the Athabasca and Mackenzie rivers to the mouth of the latter mighty stream, accompanied by their wives and in search of gold in the Herschell Island region, where a big strike has recently been reported.

The two men and their wives will make the long voyage to the shores of the Arctic in a scow, which will be housed over. And what makes the expedition unique is the fact that all the comforts of a home will accompany its members, who must travel nearly two thousand miles into a region associated in the public mind only with polar expeditions, whalers and Mounted Police.

Mr. Carroll is one of "the mushers" of '98 who tried to make Dawson by the famous Edmonton trail. In Edmonton, before starting North, he met Mr. Harry Sommer, who, with Mr. Wm. Kaecke, was outfitting for a trip into the North. The meeting was accidental but joyful. These two men had not seen each other since they blazed the trail in the '98 rush. Mr. Carroll was closely asso-



Yukon Vegetation
Photograph of a flower garden adjacent to Townsend's greenhouse in Dawson, taken August 26, 1907. This gives one an idea of the luxuriance of plant growth during the short Yukon summer.

ciated with Otto P. Sommer, brother of Harry, who is now in Chicago, and the two pioneers exchanged much news of the survivors of the great rush of ten years ago. Both men found that they had met to part again and that they were both starting, almost on the same day, for new gold strikes and in two different directions.

There are many portages on the way to the Arctic which the Carroll-Hall party will have to make. One of the worst, the Smith portage, fifteen miles long, can be made by cattle and horses which are now plentiful there. The two partners, however, anticipate no trouble in making their trip. They expect to winter at Gravel River, and to reach the Arctic early in the summer of 1909.

EDMONTON is to be the starting place of another exploration trip to the North. It is to be a party of one and the start will be made some time late this month.

Vilhjarnur Steffansson (says the Edmonton Journal) is the daring voyager who with "healthy body and cheerful mind" as his principal equipment is to start for the Arctic Circle to learn the ways of Eskimo tribes no white man has visited. Money he will not require but he will carry a few files, needles and butcher knives as gifts in return for the hospitality which he expects to receive. One rifle a few fish-hooks, and nets, and a suit of fur clothing will be the sinews of the expedition.

Steffansson was formerly an instructor at Harvard University, and his coming expedition is under the auspices of the American Museum of Natural History.

The expense of getting to the Mackenzie river, where he will build a rowboat, is to be advanced by the institution. The museum will publish his report, and if it is possible to bring them all out of the inaccessible country, it will obtain whatever ethnological specimens Steffansson may gather.

The young explorer is of Icelandic birth and speaks the Eskimo language fluently. He will live on the country and on what he can trap. He expects to travel 1800 miles in the rowboat.

LEUT.-COL. ROBERT BELCHER, C.M.G., of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police, has retired after long and distinguished service in that fine and celebrated force. He was one of the first to join the Mounted Police when it was organized in September, 1873. Prior to that he served in the British army, and altogether he has seen service in Canadian or Imperial corps for thirty-nine years, and in many parts of the Empire, from Yukon to South Africa.

Born in London, England, Colonel Belcher first saw soldiering in the 9th Queen's Royal Lancers, in which distinguished regiment he served four years, retiring in March, 1873.

He came over to Canada in the same month to join the Northwest Mounted Police, then being organized by Colonel French at Ottawa, and enlisted on September 26, as constable and proceeded to Lower Fort Garry, Manitoba, over the Dawson route, at which place they arrived in October. He was promoted to the rank of corporal while on the march. On arriving at Fort Garry he was advanced to that of sergeant and acted as riding master until May, 1874, when a detachment under his command was ordered to Dufferin, Manitoba, to make preparations for the arrival of the whole force at that point.

While at Dufferin, notes the Saturday News, of Edmonton, in giving an interesting account of his career, he effected the arrest of the first murderer arrested by the Mounted Police.

Colonel Belcher was with the detachment which in 1874 built the first Mounted Police fort and called it Fort McLeod. In 1875 he helped

to build the first Police barracks at Calgary, then called The Elbow. In 1893 Belcher was raised to the rank of a Commissioned Officer as Inspector, and in 1897 detailed as one of the officers to go to England on the occasion of Her Late Majesty the Queen's Diamond Jubilee.

On returning from the Jubilee he was ordered to Yukon and was in command of the Chilcot and White Passes, and other points comprised in that district, with headquarters at Bennett, until he went to Dawson, where he arrived in 1898 and remained till the fall of 1899, when he returned

to Regina. About this time the South African war broke out. Inspector Belcher volunteered and was gazetted Major, and appointed second in command of the Strathcona Horse, going through the campaign and taking part in the different engagements which the command encountered, for which he received the African medal with four clasps, which was presented to him by His Majesty the King in person, in London. On returning to Canada he resumed his duties at Regina and in July 1901 was transferred to Edmonton. In the fall he was decorated by H.R.H. the Duke of York at Calgary, on behalf of His Majesty the King, with the Most Distinguished Order of Companion of St. Michael and St. George, for distinguished services in Africa.

A short time ago he was gazetted to the command of the 19th Alberta Mounted Rifles with the rank of Lieut.-Colonel.

HIS LORDSHIP, BISHOP HOLMES, Bishop of Mooseonee, on James Bay, has returned to Edmonton from a two months' trip in Northern Alberta. He was on a trip of inspection of the Church of England missions in the diocese of Athabasca. Bishop Holmes was stationed for twenty years in the Lesser Slave Lake district and is, therefore, intimately acquainted with the conditions prevailing in the north. He has been stationed at Chapeau for the past three years, having charge of an immense territory of 400,000 square miles, lying south and east of James Bay.

To a reporter Bishop Holmes spoke in an interesting manner of his trip through this northern portion of Alberta. He is very enthusiastic over the possibilities of this country as soon as a railroad is built through it. The soil is fertile, the climate salubrious, and the scenery surpassingly beautiful. Everything unites to make it one of the most promising sections of the West.

Bishop Holmes left Athabasca Landing on January 7 and returned on March 11, having covered a total distance of about 1,100 miles with bob sleighs. On his way north he spent ten days at Wabasca, a week at White Fish Lake and another at Lesser Slave Lake, visiting the Church of England missions at each point. At the lake he was joined by Archdeacon Scott, who accompanied him on his northern trip. They visited the Peace River Landing, Dunvegan, Spirit river and Grand Prairie.

One of the most important works of the Church of England in the north is the establishment of schools for the education of the children. In the past few years schools have been established in connection with the missions at Wabasca, Lesser Slave Lake, Christ church, Peace river, Vermilion, White Fish Lake and Spirit river. This year schools will be established at Spirit River, Grand Prairie and Prairie River. The government makes a grant of \$400 per year towards the maintenance of these schools, provided the attendance is sufficient to justify it.

The greatest difficulty that confronts the church in the north is the financial position of the diocese. Owing to the extent of the country and the widely scattered settlements it has been found to be very expensive to maintain the various mission stations. There is at present no bishop either of Athabasca or the Mackenzie river district, but it is probable that these vacancies will be filled by the House of Bishops shortly after Bishop Holmes makes his report. It is suggested that the diocese of the Mackenzie river should be divided, half being joined to the diocese of Yukon and half to the Athabasca diocese.

Among the fertile areas of this north country none impressed Bishop Holmes more forcibly than Grand Prairie and the Prairie river district. The soil there is very rich.

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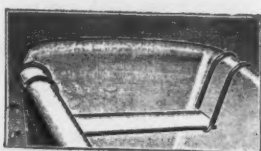
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Lady Gay's
Column

THOSE who laugh at homesickness do so because they are unaware of its cause and deep significance. Who hasn't met, sometime or other, a soul pining with sighs and weary words for its former home and surroundings? Sometimes the homesick one knows why he or she is ill at ease and sick at heart, with longing and emptiness. Generally, however, it is just a vague pining, longing, aching void, a stretching of the hands to some distant land, a brooding of the mind on some small home, and a crying need of the influences and atmosphere of them. Strong men suffer silently thus, more than one imagines. If one understand, and touch on their longing, the rush of yearning and the torrent of words that meets one is sometimes amazing; and the many who do not understand jeer or pity, as their nature is, at the one who admits homesickness. It was the perfect comprehension of this need of the soul for a certain sympathetic, harmonious, congenial atmosphere which made the old bard sing of Naisi and his brother warriors, exiles from Erin, giving up their kingdom in Alba, and daring death to return to their own land, for the solace of their homesickness.

One of the troubles of the millionaire is the selection of a name for his home or homes, in town or country. There are men so asleep to the doings of smart society that they don't worry if they only have a street and number address, but for the really ambitious such is not sufficient. One's stationary looks so much more "chic" with the name of one's local habitation thereon, and then, one is known as Smith of Castle Smith, which sounds much better than Smith of 23 Skidoo Square, or some even less interesting locality. In case one becomes engaged, marries or dies, what a comfort to have one's residence or residences described in English fashion, taking up ten lines in the newspaper notices for the same money as Smith of Skidoo Square pays for his modest announcement. There is a certain association also to be secured. If you know of a remote ancestor or merely a family of the same name as yours owning some transatlantic abode, with a fine sounding title, you may adopt the latter, and explain that it's loyalty or heredity in a nutshell. To be the Smiths of Castle Smith, is the foundation of greatness. To be the Smiths of Skidoo Square is hopelessly commonplace and bourgeois. Therefore a smart family residence must have a genteel name.

Some day, when I have time, I shall hunt up the reason for many of the names of rich people's houses here. Travel evolved some, ancestry others, loyalty a few, and home sickness a few more. A stammering child trying to say a long word gave a tip to a mother for a name for the family's new home, a dreamy little lad hearing the wind breathing through the pines begged his parents to call his home "Whispers," which they did. A visiting foreigner suggested one well-known name, Indian tradition gave yet another, a lady asserted her side of the house in one house name, a man immortalized his favorite sport in another. Down East, many of us knew the genial hospitalities of "Stagger-Home," most suggestive country-house title! Descriptive names of more decorous strife reminds one of nature's environment, The Beeches, The Elms, Chestnut Park, Sylvan Tower, Meadowbank, The Grove, Cliffside. These are worthy, numerous and uninteresting. Sometimes names of houses are commemorative, and recall great victories, great events, which may or may not be worthy of standing sponsor for one's dwelling.

The summer residence offers a wider field and takes in comic as well as serious nomenclature. One has only to walk along the board walk at West Island (if the storm and waves have left any of it) to wonder how people can calmly live under roofs whose frontispieces are so weird and tangling. The alphabetical arrangements amaze the stranger, who fancies them some Choctaw or Chinese labels until the initiated pronounces them for him. A real Indian name sometimes crops up, looking strangely awkward on a verandah crowded with summer girls, banjoes, boys in flannels and five o'clock tea tables. We are just now agonizing over the selection of a name for a grand new house, and strange to say a couple of

letters have come to-day from a settler in the west and a newcomer in town asking suggestions of names for their residences. Any old name will do for people who enquire blindly of newspaper editors. "Na-bolish!" as my little Irishwoman calls her shanty in B. C., "Never Mind."

Yesterday, the day before, and the day before that, three women gently implored me to say something flattering, (well, let us say, rather, complimentary,) about professional people of whom I knew absolutely nothing. One professional person was afraid the art presented did not appeal to the public, and I was to assure the said long suffering body that said art was perfection. In vain I pleaded ignorance of the artist, and urged the possibility that the art might seem faulty to me. The dear creature insisted I should praise it, and added, "You are always so kind, I'm sure you will." I inquired whether she had been favorably impressed and she hastily cried, "Oh, I'm no critic. I'm not clever," which gave me a sort of sidelight on the matter. The other lady telephoned me an enthusiastic account of a young protegee and told me to write a paragraph in praise of her. My own knowledge or taste mattered not one jot, the protegee needed the encouragement and the advertising and I was commanded to supply them. The third was frankly vain and hungry for notice and praise, and I think she appealed to me the most of the three. "I can't pay you much," she concluded, "but if you would accept"—and then I rang off, with unnecessary promptitude.

LADY GAY.



The above COUPON MUST accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps, or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupon are not studied.

Faith.—Thanks for good wishes, If you mean that you want a second delineation you should see the pile of people waiting for their first! Glad you found any advice I handed out useful. It is a strong and vital sort of hand, dominant, adaptable, fanciful and quick-witted. Your scroll-shaped cross-strokes indicate some levity of mind.

Ferdie Moore.—Sure it is a good paper! Your writing is strong, independent, unconventional and free from sensitive or morbid impulses. You are adaptable and observant, straightforward and rather fond of exercise and active pursuits. Your will and purpose are not strong, nor can you enforce them upon others; you don't even wish to do so. There is a touch of caution but a very friendly spirit suggested. Your heart is better than your head, but both are fairly worth a good deal of respect. It is a hand not easily given to despond, rather the optimistic and cheery sort, averse to sentimental influences.

Kismet.—I know nothing of the disorder you mention, but I very firmly believe that many such could be cured and routed if the patient had the will and the sense to refuse to be ill. Now!

George McTark.—I hope that's your name. Your date is Feb. 24, which brings you on the cusp of Aquarius-Pisces. Of these cuspers the best authority writes: They are honorable in business relations, but have little conscience socially. (If you've ever heard one of these cuspers welcome with effusion her particular bete-noir, you'll recognize this!) They are liable to be eccentric, are always ready to oblige or to promise to do so. They have critical and correct taste in dress. (I know one of over eighty who is faddy over her bonnets.) They are fond of telling of good achievements, but keep their sorrows or failures very close. When happily married these are the most joyous of mortals. They have the best disposition of the twelve cuspers, and seldom if ever fly into a temper. Sometimes a stray one develops the character of a ruthless coquette or gay male deceiver. Your writing shows the peculiarity, the lack of sequence. The strong self-assertion, the tenacity, vanity and originality of a very interesting specimen. Will-power is its key note, desire for approbation, and a certain rough demand, very quick thought with prompt action, but not always

expression to correspond. Writer sometimes takes time to evolve exactly what is meant, and never grudges trouble to exactly state the same. It savors of study, and professional use. In fact, I must ring off, for such a study would take me an hour to dissect.

Ego.—Your writing, as you rightly surmise, is very crude, and therefore I must refuse to delineate it. At the same time, the result of acquiring chiromancy of any sort, under the circumstances you did, is infinitely admirable and creditable. September 3 brings you under Virgo, and you have fallen into one of the serious faults of that fine sign. Virgo is the critic of the twelve signs, the cruder a Virgo the more drastic and impudent his or her criticism, and generally of the very faults in others most evident at home. Your whole letter, especially the unpardonably disloyal "confidential" at the end, shows a carping, bitter and unlovely inspiration. Virgo is too good a sign and you are too clever and worthy a woman to be so cheapened. I am speaking very frankly that you may see yourself as others see you in this respect. Unless you realize how this carping, disagreeable inner attitude will poison your life, you will probably flout at any idea of reform. The more one knows and learns, the more one hesitates to criticize or "show up" any fellow learner. Think over this fact.


Norah M.—Your best companions will be other "water" people. Those born under Scorpio and Pisces will be less irritated by the peculiarities of Cancer folk. You are, however, such a pleasant, easy, decent sort, that other signs will probably welcome your company. Your child-like taffy, my dear, was duly swallowed, as one does not refuse a taste of a baby's sweet when politely offered it. But Cancer loves flattery and probably judges others by herself. Your writing, though only in the formative stage, is full of promises of generous and noble development. Adaptable, careful, unsuspicious and easily moved by any hard-luck story, fairly modest in self-esteem and very matter of fact and practical, you have a future, my girl, and if you do yourself justice, a womanhood such as condones many failures which I am sorry to say gyrate under the July sign.

Audrey.—This study shows good memory, imagination and excessive intuition, not very clear mentality, credulity, good temper, materialism, love of music, curiosity, much caution and a decided taste for literature. Writer loves power and would use it carefully, is not quick in creation of ideas, but one may depend on their practicalness. A hand needing inspiration to rescue it from the domination of the senses. The writer has ability, vitality and vim above the average.

Spero.—I am sorry you had to wait so long, but in any case your writing is boyish and immature. February 17 brings you under Aquarius, a sign of infinite possibilities. You are careful, logical, hopeful and modest. If you will always determine to let nothing discourage you in your aims, you will be carried on to great success. You must be reticent about your work, quiet and calm in mind, never timid and hesitating in your efforts. You began your study "after much hesitancy." Now that's the one thing that queers Aquarius folks. Of them he who hesitates is lost twice over. So remember what I say, and all good luck go with you!

Somersetshire.—I wanted to know at once from what part, when I saw your nom de plume—Glastonbury or Wells, or maybe Shepton-Mallet, or Cheddar, or little Evercreech—all near my heart. Never mind, thereby hangs a tale! March 14 brings you under Pisces, the Fishes, a double water sign, concerning the feet. The March people are noted for a loving and lovable nature. Your realm is the kingdom of the soul. A clean, pure life, gentleness and affection, a kind criticism of others, high thoughts and noble aspirations will build you up a palace of joy of your own making. Pisces people have naturally keen discrimination and can choose the best, if they are living well themselves. They make splendid responsible persons, and can be trusted infinitely so long as they are true to themselves. Don't talk about yourself, no matter how much you want to. Don't brood over anything, and if you despond, get away into some quiet, preferably out-door nook, ask for supernatural aid, and you'll soon regain serenity. Diversified employment, a bright home, wife and children and some time for contemplation develop Pisces perfectly. You are over communicative, not a wise trait, but on the whole a most likable and typical Pisces man. For information as to June 11, see answer to Nancy Dawson. You can "get there" as you express it, better than most people if you do yourself justice. Luck to you, old Summerset!

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Real Old English Ale
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of adulterations and substitutions—that's
O'KEEFE'S
Extra Mild Ale
It is brewed right—aged right—bottled
right—looks right—tastes right—IS right.
Imported ales cost more
because of the duty—but you
will never find one that
you'll enjoy more than
O'KEEFE'S.



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Bottlers
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and
Ginns.



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pianos. The designs are beauti-
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very peer of pianos in art effects.

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quality, these pianos have always
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WEEK APRIL 20

FAREWELL APPEARANCE OF THE
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ENGLISH PLAYERS

AUGUSTIN DALY'S ECCENTRIC FANCY

THE LOTTERY OF LOVE

EVENINGS—25c., 50c., 75c., \$1

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ONLY APPEARANCE IN CANADA

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THE ORIGINAL NEW YORK PRODUCTION
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Three Nights BEGINNING
MONDAY

"Nothing like Marie Doro as 'Carlotta' since Maude Adams as 'Lady Babble'."

Charles Frohman presents

MARIE DORO

In a Brilliant Epigrammatic Comedy in
Four Acts by W. J. Locke

THE MORALS OF MARCUS

Company includes the distinguished English
players, MR. C. AUBREY SMITH and
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High Class Burlesque
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Commencing Monday Matinee, April 20

...Al. Reeve's... Big Beauty Show

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THURSDAY—CHORUS GIRLS' NIGHT
FRIDAY—AMATEUR NIGHT
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NIGHT PRICES—10c.—25c.—50c.—\$1.—50c.

Smoking Prohibited Friday
Matinee and in the Balcony
Friday Night.



At the Princess Theatre for
three nights beginning Mon-
day, April 20, Charles Frohman will
present the newest addition to his
stellar constellation in the person of
Miss Marie Doro. The vehicle for
her introduction is a play entitled
"The Morals of Marcus." It is an ad-
aptation from W. J. Locke's novel,
"The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne,"
and the stage version has been ar-
ranged by the author of the book.
The play was first produced in Lon-
don, where it is said to have had
considerable vogue. The first per-
formance of the play in this country
was given at the Park Theatre in
Boston. After a stay of six weeks
Miss Doro went immediately to New
York for an extended engagement at
the Criterion Theatre. The road tour
of the new star has just been inau-
gurated.

It has been said of the play that
it departs from the conventional stage
story, in that it introduces charac-
ters which are said to be as interest-
ing as they are original. Mr. Locke,
in adapting his novel to theatrical use,
has utilized his own ideas and follow-
ed established theatric principles as
a stable foundation.

The story has to do with the for-
tunes and fate of a wisp of a girl
named Carlotta. The daughter of an
English mother, she has lived in a
Turkish harem until one day a young
Englishman persuades her to run
away with him. Arrived in England,
she is deserted and left to wander
about without money or food. The
first act finds her creeping through
the hedge fence of Sir Marcus Or-
deyne's summer place by the side of
the river Thames. Sir Marcus Or-
deyne is a recluse and bookworm,
much more interested in his history
of Renaissance morals than in the
numerous young marriageable women
who have been thrust upon him. The
pitiful tale told by the little Syri-
an refugee, however, softens his na-
ture and he takes her into his home
and adopts her, much to the indigna-
tion of his titled friends, who have
many unpleasant remarks to make re-
garding his morals.

The second act of the play shows
the library of Sir Marcus's London
house. Six weeks have elapsed in
which Sir Marcus has striven to make
of his ingenuous and soulless little
ward an English woman of refine-
ment and good manners. The process
is most delightful, but not without
its pitfall for the bookish baronet.
Sir Marcus has begun to see the
light of love.

The third act shows Carlotta's
boudoir in Sir Marcus's London
house. Another month has elapsed.
Carlotta has improved and developed
wonderfully under the tutelage of her
protector. She is giving a tea party
to the friends of the baronet. Then
Hamdi Effendi, a Turk, and step-
father of Carlotta appears on the
scene. He demands the return of
Carlotta under pain of death, and
Sir Marcus defies him. A man, Se-
bastian Pasquale, whom Sir Marcus
had considered a friend, now finds
his opportunity to persuade Carlotta
to run away with him, taking ad-
vantage of her fears for the safety of
her benefactor.

With the departure of Carlotta, Sir
Marcus comes to a full realization of
all that she means to him. Follows
a fruitless search the world over for
the woman he loves. Carlotta, in
the meantime, has gradually discov-
ered she is a woman—a woman with
a soul and a heart—and in the end
she does the natural thing and the
ending is cheerful. What that ending
is must, in justice to the play, be left
to their observation.

It is said that Miss Doro has been
given a capable supporting company.
The Sir Marcus is C. Aubrey Smith,
a well-known English actor, and the
original of the part in London. For-
rest Robinson, a capable American
actor, is the Hamdi Effendi.

"The Barber of Seville," Rossini's
famous comic opera will be pre-
sented at the Princess Theatre on Thursday
evening by the Dunsmore-Van Den
Berg English Opera Company, and
of their performance we quote the
following from the Baltimore Ameri-
can: "The Dunsmore-Van Den Berg
English Opera Company opened a
week's engagement last night at the
Academy of Music in Rossini's fam-
ous masterpiece 'The Barber of Se-
ville,' and aroused the audience to a
high pitch of enthusiasm because of
the excellence of the singing of the
Company. Mme. Monti Baldini scor-

ed a triumph as Rosina; not only by
her singing but because of her dra-
matic strength and power as well.
There was nothing perfunctory about
her acting, and the facile play of her
features interpreted her words to
everyone present. She has a beautiful
soprano voice which is dramatic and
big. Lucia Nola has a soprano of
real lyric quality and was heard to
excellent advantage in all the exact-
ing numbers which fall to her. Her
coloratura singing was brilliant in
execution, and in the high notes has
exceptional clarity and purity of
tone. John Dunsmore is gifted with
a fine basso voice, and when he open-
ed his mouth the music just came out
spontaneously. Pierre Gherardi has a
robust voice, and in his dramatic num-
bers was excellent. Roman Klekko
has a baritone voice of exceptional
purity and sweetness."

Next week the Royal Alexandra
players, who have such a successful
engagement in Toronto, will make
their final appearance here this sea-



Marie Doro

In "The Morals of Marcus," which
will be seen at the Princess Theatre
during the first part of next week.

son. For their last week they have
chosen to present Augustin Daly's
translation of Bisson and Mars' ec-
centric comedy, "The Lottery of
Love," which was first produced by
the late Mr. Daly in his New York
theatre in 1888 with John Drew,
Ada Rehan, Kitty Chatham, and
Frederick Bond in the cast. It had
a most successful run there, and was
one of the best money-makers of all
the Daly productions. It was the
intention of "The Players" to produce
"Charlie's Aunt," and announce-
ments were made to that effect. When
the patrons of the theatre learned that
the company would only be here for
the coming week they sent in many
requests, asking that something better
than "Charlie's Aunt" be given for
their farewell performance. Mr. E.
L. Duane, who staged the original
production of "The Lottery of Love"
for Mr. Daly, decided upon this com-
edy and there is no doubt but his se-
lection will prove a success.

"The Lottery of Love" was writ-
ten at the time when the burning
question was, "Is marriage a failure?"
and it is upon this theme that this
amusing farce is built. The author
has introduced with a great deal of
comedy success that old-time and
ever-ready subject of the humorists,
"the mother-in-law."

Adolphus Doubledot, is a young
man of means with some musical ed-
ucation, anxious to compose a comic
opera. He meets Zenobia Sher-
ramy and her daughter Diana. After a brief courtship, Doubledot
marries Diana. The play opens on
the day of the wedding, and at
Doubledot's house. No sooner have
they arrived there when the mother-
in-law begins to assert itself in the
person of Mrs. Sherramy, who by
the way is a strong exponent of wo-
men's rights, and who originated the
"bloomer" costumes which at that
time was a fad with many women.
Mother-in-law and son-in-law quarrel
during the afternoon and the mother-
in-law leaves the house taking her
daughter with her. Later on there
is a divorce.

Adolphus marries again; this time
the bride is Josephine Buttercorn,
daughter of a wealthy retired mer-
chant. Her father goes on a trip, and
while away unknown to his son-in-
law and daughter meets Mrs. Sher-
ramy and Diana. Buttercorn marries
the latter and this places Adolphus
in a peculiar position of having for
his mother-in-law his former wife.

When Buttercorn arrives with the
new Mrs. Buttercorn there is another
row which is brought about by
Mrs. Sherramy, and once more she
leaves taking her daughter with her.

The piece is written in the best
style of these well-known French
humorists, and Daly in making the
adaptation lost none of the many
funny situations and ridiculous com-
plications. Matinees will be given
on Thursday and Saturday and
no doubt the Alexandra players will
be well patronized during their fare-
well week.

Following the Royal Alexandra
Players, Mrs. Fiske will come to the
Royal Alexandra theatre; where she
will present her original New York
production of "Rosmersholm," the
Ibsen play in which she has met with
so much success during the past sea-
son. After Mrs. Fiske will be ama-
teur week, when the Toronto Rowing
Club Minstrels and The Toronto
Press Club will present their enter-
tainments. The following weeks will
be devoted to light opera and musi-
cal comedy, when such well known
pieces will be presented as "San
Toy," "Cingalee," "The Country
Girl," "The Singing Girl," and others
equally famous. All the original
scenery and costumes used in the
Daly productions will be used. The
company will number fifty and will
be composed of some of the best
known leading principals on the light
opera stage. The large chorus will
also be a special feature with this
company.

On Monday, April 27, Montgomery
and Stone will come to the Princess
Theatre in Charles Dillingham's pro-
duction of "The Red Mill." This at-
traction is expected to prove perhaps
the most popular musical comedy and
spectacular event of the season. Not
in years has New York expressed
more enthusiasm over a work of this
kind as over this, and all last sea-
son, at the Knickerbocker Theatre, it
ran without interruption to very large
audiences. The New York triumphs
have since been duplicated in Chi-
cago, Boston and Philadelphia, in
each of which cities "The Red Mill"
played for months.

Ever since "The Wizard of Oz"
Montgomery and Stone have been
prime favorites, and in "The Red
Mill" they are seen at their best.
Their characters and their fun-mak-
ing are new and the drolleries of the
book, by Henry Blossom, and the
tuneful melodies of Victor Herbert,
will be enough to make this one of
the marked treats of the Toronto
season. In addition to the merits of
the piece in the matter of comedy,
"The Red Mill" is very brilliant as a
spectacular production.

The Toronto Press Club announces
the production of "Three Little
Maids," an English musical comedy,
at the Royal Alexandra Theatre dur-
ing the second week of May. This
will be the fourth annual theatrical
venture for which the Press Club
has stood sponsor, and, as a high
standard of excellence has been at-
tained in the legitimate drama during
past years, a musical piece has been
chosen this season, as offering fresh
possibilities of success. "Three Little
Maids" represents the best work of
Paul A. Rubens, a composer whose
music is familiar to Toronto theatre-
goers, in musical comedy produc-



Ernest Stallard

The brilliant comedian with the Royal
Alexandra English Players, who make
their farewell appearance at the
Alexandra Theatre next week.

tions of the higher class. It has the
dainty and whimsical qualities found
in the best English offerings of this
class.

The production will be under the
direction of Mr. Robert Stuart
Pigott and Mr. Douglas A. Paterson,
and will include a cast of fifty young
ladies and gentlemen of local sing-
ing organizations. When produced
in this city four years ago by Charles
Frohman, "Three Little Maids" was
the triumph of the light opera sea-
son. It is in three acts, the first tak-
ing place on the golf links at the
home of Lady St. Mallory, the second
in Lady St. Mallory's fashionable tea
room, Bond street, London, and the
third in Lady St. Mallory's ball room.
It relates a pretty domestic story
with music and fun. Tickets may be
obtained from members of the Press
Club or at any of the newspaper offi-
ces. Three performances are to be
given.

The pupils of Harbord Collegiate
Institute, under the direction of Miss
Lillian Lovell, on Friday night last
presented "As You Like It" before
a large audience, in the Assembly
hall. The production was of a nature
to reflect the utmost credit on Miss
Lovell and her company of youthful
amateurs. W. E. Brown, as Touch-
stone, played the part with humor
and insight and gave experienced
theatre-goers an agreeable surprise.
F. Kerr, as the melancholy Jacques,
also showed a fine abbreviation of the
merit of his lines. Miss Edna Mat-
thews proved to be a charming Rosa-
lind, as did Miss Mary Lowry, who
personated Rosalind disguised as
Ganymede. Miss Isabelle Hewett, as
Celia, deserves much praise. C.
Wood, in the difficult role of Or-
lando, acquitted himself well. Indeed,
it is unfair to particularize, for these
young people played excellently up
to the opportunities the play offered
them. Particularly successful in con-
tributing to the comedy of the even-
ing were Miss Lillian Cringan, as
Audrey, and D. Crummy, as William.
The latter was about the funniest
William we have seen. Had this
production been given on a raised
stage the work of the performers
would have appeared to greater ad-
vantage. An excellent amateur or-
chestra, largely composed of Har-
bord pupils, supplied the music.

Frank Daniels is at the Princess
this week with "The Tattooed Man."
In this, his latest offering, he gestic-
ulates with his two stubby fingers, wig-
gles his eyebrows, and says, "Give it to
him," just as of yore. And his "song
bit," "Rain-in-the-Face," is a charac-
teristic Daniels stunt. But this
hard-working low comedian seems to
be growing old, or perhaps his ad-
mirers are growing somewhat blasé
as to his methods. At all events his
audiences have not been large this
week, and they have not laughed any
too heartily at the doings and say-
ings of Omar Khayyam, jr. "The
Tattooed Man," on the whole, doesn't
hit the mark it aims at. Harry
Clarke, a brisk youth, does quite well
as Algy Cuffs, and gives some very
fair imitations of popular stars.
Louise Sylvester, as Fatima, a ludi-
crous wallflower, makes a good show-
ing, and wins much applause in her
song, "Nobody Loves Me."

Next week, commencing Monday,
the Al. Reeves' "Beauty Show" comes
to the Gayety Theatre. This season
Mr. Reeves has gathered one of the
best companies he has ever collected,
headed by Miss Blanch Martin, late
soprano soloist with Sousa's band.
The company also includes "the
handsomest and most beautifully
furnished woman in burlesque," Miss
Almeda Fowler, and many other en-
tertainers.

William Collier, besides acting in
"Caught in the Rain," is hard at
work upon the manuscript of a new
play, to be done in collaboration with
Haddon Chambers, and shortly due
for final consideration by Charles
Frohman.

The famous black-face comedians,
McIntyre and Heath, are appearing
again this season in "The Ham
Tree." The production has been re-
vised both from a musical and pic-
torial standpoint.

"The Servant in the House," the
drama in which the Henry Miller
Associate Players are now appearing
at the Savoy Theatre, New York, and
which is said to be as remarkable for
its literary as for its dramatic value,
will be published in book form with-
in a month. Messrs. Harper & Bros.
have secured the reprint rights of the
play for America from the author,
Charles Rann Kennedy, and expect
to have the volume on the market by
May 1st. Several publishers have
made Mr. Kennedy propositions for
the novelization of the drama, but he
will not permit the play to be pre-

TAKE CARE OF YOUR COMPLEXION IN THE SPRING.

Mme. Millicent Marvin, the noted
specialist in beauty culture, gives
some excellent advice in the April
Delineator, to women whose com-
plexions are a source of worry owing
to the sun and weather conditions
prevalent in the spring months.
Among other valuable hints Mme.
Marvin says:

"Rubbing the skin once or twice a
day with a ripe tomato is said to be
most helpful in clearing the complex-
ion; lettuce juice has also a benefi-
cial effect."

While these simple remedies are
perhaps not generally known or used
they are none the less valuable.

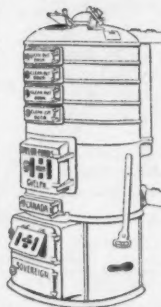
Probably the safest and most sat-
isfactory thing for general use in
keeping the skin soft and smooth and
the complexion clear and brilliant, is
a simple wash which can be easily
prepared at home. The receipt is as
follows:

Take two ounces of Rose Water,
one ounce of Cologne Spirits and
four ounces of Epsom salt. Put the
Epsom salt in a pint of hot water (not
boiling), and after it is dissolved,
strain and let cool. Then add the
Rose Water and Cologne Spirits.

Apply this wash liberally every
night and morning to the face, neck
and arms, after thoroughly washing
in warm water, and you will soon
have a complexion that will be the
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materials, \$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.50.

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est designs, 50c. pr., \$2.75 half dozen.

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MR. FRANK WELSMAN and his fifty-nine players, known as the Toronto Conservatory Symphony Orchestra, won high honors at their second concert of the season, at Massey Hall, on Thursday evening of last week. The event attracted a very large gathering, very few seats being unoccupied. The orchestra had never before shown to so great advantage, not only in efficiency of execution, but in distinction of tone, and subtleties of shading. It is speaking truly to say that the audience was delighted with the evidences shown of real progress, the main credit for which must be assigned to the painstaking labors of Mr. Welsman, the orchestra's earnest and talented conductor. The programme consisted of Mendelssohn's charming overture, "The Hebrides," Goetz's symphony in F (first time) and German's three dances from his suite, "Henry VIII." In addition the orchestra accompanied de Pachmann in Chopin's concerto in F minor. All these works were played with musicianly ability, while marked improvement was noticeable in both strings and wind. In the Intermezzo of the symphony the solo for the horn was skillfully rendered both in tone and execution, while the cadenza for the flute was felicitously played. One may also notice the singing tone of the violins and violoncellos throughout the evening. The accompaniments to the Chopin concerto were delicately and sympathetically performed, and the soloist was never overweighed by the orchestral part. De Pachmann, who, on this occasion, made his last concert appearance in America, was in his best and most orderly mood. He interpreted the concerto without any trace of his tendency to be capricious and with that beauty of tone and allurements of touch which distinguish him. His strictly solo numbers were Schumann's Romanza in D minor, Mendelssohn's Songs without Words op. 62, G. major; Schubert's Moment Musical in F minor, and Chopin's Mazurka in A minor and Etude op. 25 in G flat, and he won tremendous applause and a triple encore. The Conservatory is cordially congratulated on the brilliant success of the concert, which will no doubt assure a still greater vogue for the orchestra next season.

Miss Mabel V. Tolchard, a talented pupil of Mr. W. E. Fairclough, gave a piano recital in the Nordheimer Hall last Saturday afternoon. Miss Tolchard's rendering of a varied programme gave evidence of well developed technical attainments and a good musical conception. In both of which she has shown much improvement during the past year. The programme included Beethoven's "Moonlight" Sonata, Chopin's Ballade in A flat, and Fantasia-Improvisation; Liszt's "Love Dream" No. 3, and the same composer's transcription of Chopin's "Maiden's Wish"; Mendelssohn's Capriccio Brilliant, op. 22, and shorter pieces by Scharwenka, Macdowell and Lavallie. Miss Tolchard was assisted by Miss Cassie Huxtable, a clever pupil of Miss Strong, who sang with much charm songs by Nevin, Newton and Bunting.

It was a cruel disappointment to hundreds of lovers of the violin when at Massey Hall on Monday evening it was announced that Fritz Kreisler had "suddenly" been taken ill and would not be able to appear with Josef Hofmann as announced. So much had been said in advance of Kreisler's wonderful development as virtuoso and interpreter and so many glowing accounts had been published of his famous Hart Guarnierius that expectation had been keyed up to a high pitch among the fiddling fraternity. However, the unavoidable was endured with good nature, very few of the audience demanding their money back. By way of compensation Josef Hofmann gave a splendid programme, every number of which may be said to be popular. And, moreover, he played in fine form, with technique and interpretative power at their best. His selections consisted of the Bach-Liszt Prelude and Fugue in A minor, Beethoven's so called Moonlight Sonata, Mendelssohn's Rondo Capriccioso, three numbers by Chopin—namely, the Berceuse, Valse in E minor, Sonata in B flat minor—and Rubinstein's Barcarolle in F minor, Liszt's "Gnomesreigen," and the Liszt transcription of the "Tannhauser" overture. The whole programme was a beautiful and impressive revelation of the Hofmann art and genius. Hofmann has deservedly become quite a favorite in Toronto and may be said to rival

Paderewski in this respect with the public, while outshining him in the estimation of the professional musicians. In one or two cases it struck me that Hofmann was betrayed into the besetting sin of the modern virtuoso—that of disproportionately pounding out the bass "a la Paderewski." This is a fault of which a few years ago he could not be accused with any more justice than de Pachmann. The "Paderewski pound" has been pretty generally complained of this season by critical people. One can only hope that Hofmann will not develop the disagreeable specialty. With regard to his rendering of the Moonlight Sonata, the only feature that did not convince me was the strenuousness he imparted to a few measures, which to me seemed out of character with the mood of the tone poem. The Allegretto he took as fast as could be defended, while the finale was a surging brilliant outburst of agitation. The Rondo Capriccioso was a lesson in voluble execution combined with crispness and delicacy. The Berceuse may be said to have been truly Chopinesque under his fingers, the Valse in E minor created enthusiasm, and the Sonata in B flat minor was a sane and effective achievement which placed the work in the most favorable light, and brought out its suggestive story, its emotional depth. He received a double encore after the sonata, responding with two of the Chopin etudes, the first of which was the famous black key study. An earlier encore of his was the Mendelssohn "Spinnerlied" which was delightfully played. His closing number the "Tannhauser" arrangement was a truly stupendous accomplishment in virtuosity quite equal in its way to the executive feat of the late Frederick Archer, who used to give an extraordinarily full arrangement for the organ.

An intermediate recital, was given at the Toronto College of Music, on Saturday, April 11. The following was the programme: (Piano), Beethoven Sonata op. 13, Gladys Cooper; Chopin, Polonaise in A minor, Ida Attridge; Rubinstein, Kammer-Ostrov, Clara Duncan, (pupils of W. E. Fairclough); (Piano), Chopin, Mazurka in F minor, Helen Davis; Moszkowski, Valse in E major, Grace Kent; MacDowell, Witches' Dance, Liszt, Rigoletto, Dorothy Grahame; (Vocal), Gomes, My Little Darling, Olive Hendershott, (pupils of T. C. Jeffers, Mus. Bae.); (Piano), Beethoven, Sonata op. 2, No. 1, "Allegro," Sinding, Fruhlingsrauschen, Edna McCorkindale, (pupil of Miss Mamie McDonald); (Piano), Beethoven, Sonata op. 14, Dora Stutchbury, (pupil of Miss Constance Veitch); (Vocal), Lynes, He was a Prince, Madeline Hunt, (pupil of Miss Olive Scholey); (Violin), Fauconier, Reverie, Geraldine Hartwell, (pupil of P. C. Branciere).

Miss Bertha Kerr, pupil of Mr. Jas. Quarrington, has resigned her position as soloist of Bloor street Presbyterian church to accept the position of contralto soloist at Bloor street Baptist church.

The following pupils of Miss Evelyn Ashworth rendered a piano and vocal recital at the Toronto College of Music on Wednesday evening, last week: Beryl Young, Margaret Smith, Kate Feeney, Austin Guthrie, Rudolph Mark, Miss Evans, Mrs. Henry, Evelyn Runciman, Victoria Parrett, Penelope Young, Arloa Fraser, Bertha Haviland, Evelyn Hall, Mildred Lotz, Lillian Massen, Greta Harper, Margaret Steele, Dorothy McMahon.

The Deer Park Presbyterian church choir, assisted by a number of their musical friends, under the direction of Mr. R. G. Stapells, organist and choirleader, will render Gaul's sacred cantata, "Ruth," in the church, on Wednesday evening the 22nd inst. Among those who will assist are Miss Mabel Palen, who will sing the part of Ruth; Miss Frances Stone, as Naomi, and Mr. Fred Gearing, as Boaz. Others who will assist are Mrs. McGolpin and Mr. A. C. Fairweather. Mr. J. Percy Milnes will preside at the organ and Miss McLay will act as pianist.

On Saturday week last the Toronto String Quartette played a second engagement in Buffalo, N. Y., and, by the accounts received from there, scored a distinct triumph. The Express says in part: "The programme was given by the Toronto String Quartette, an organization which aroused much enthusiasm a few weeks ago by its admirable work. Their playing met with no less cordial a reception yesterday and the young Canadians had good reason to feel exceedingly gratified at the spontaneous and hearty applause. The whole programme was played with refinement, nice and varied expression, and with excellent balance, rhythm and precision. Moreover, there was a certain spirit and heartiness, as if the players thoroughly enjoyed their work, a spirit which was contagious and added much to the pleasure of the listeners."

A new Musical League has been founded in England which is to be similar to Germany's Tonkünstler-Verein, the object of which is an annual festival, at which are performed new works by contemporary composers and older works that are undeservedly neglected. The president of the Musical League is Elgar, the vice-president is Delius, and among the members of the committee are Granville Bantock and Percy Pitt. The omission of the names of Parry and Stanford is odd. Does it indicate cliques, or is it because the works of those composers are to be performed particularly? One of the clauses provides that "no member of the committee or of the music selection sub-committee shall be eligible to have any of his works performed at a festival of the league during his term of office."

The fame of Toronto's premier choir, which made such a sensation in New York last season, has reached England, and the Musical Times has this to say about it: "The Mendelssohn Choir of Toronto is a choral organization whose creation, development, and success can largely be placed to the credit of its founder and conductor, Mr. A. S. Vogt. Started in 1894, the choir was reorganized—after a suspension of active work between 1897 and 1900—on its present basis, in which artistic ideals occupy a very important place. Beginning with a modest single concert in Toronto, it has steadily widened its field of operations by giving concerts in Buffalo and New York. Its annual concerts in Toronto are in many respects as comprehensive as a musical festival, the works performed covering almost the entire range of choral music in addition to orchestral compositions of the various schools. For instance, last season, with the co-operation of the Theodore Thomas Orchestra (of Chicago), the Mendelssohn Choir performed portions of Bach's B minor Mass, Brahms's Requiem, Parry's "Blest Pair of Sirens," and Cesar Franck's "150th Psalm," in addition to unaccompanied compositions by Lotti, Palestrina, Cornelius, and others. The concerts are given in the Massey Hall, Toronto, which holds 3,500 people, and they are so attractive that the hall is completely sold out for each concert. Next season Elgar's "Caractacus" is to be performed, and there is a whispered report that Mr. Vogt has an idea of bringing his Toronto chorists to England. If this idea be carried out, they may be sure of a very hearty welcome by lovers of choral music in the Mother Country."

Mr. Alfred Jury, who left Toronto a few seasons ago to reside in Buffalo, has already won honors in that city as a choir conductor. Two seasons ago he organized the Clef Club, and on the 2nd inst. gave a concert, which elicited most warm praise from the local press. The Buffalo Express of the 3rd inst. says: "The Clef Club of Buffalo gave, last evening, in Convention Hall, the second and last concert of this season, and again demonstrated what remarkable work Mr. Jury has done in a year with his 180 singers. There are constantly present in the singing of the Clef Club in no small degree many of the points which arouse such wonder and admiration at the singing of the Mendelssohn Choir, and make it a chorus sui generis. Mr. Jury has, indeed wrought well during the short existence of his club, and still more wonderful things may rightly be expected of it next season. "The chorus numbers were well contrasted and beautiful in themselves, especially Faning's stirring "Song of the Vikings," Meyer-Helmond's exquisite "Serenade" and Neidlinger's very effective "Song of the Winds." In addition to the official numbers, the club had to grant as encores Stewart's "Bells of Saint Michael's," and Sullivan's "I Hear the Soft Note," which, in its performance, was as beautiful a piece of choral work as one could desire."

The News says: "Altogether in precision, balance of tone, sonority and fineness of effect, the youngest Buffalo chorus has again proved its right to be rated a first class organization and an object of intense local pride."

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song which is being sung throughout the
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At a recent concert at Wellington Barracks,
London, Eng., many songs had been
sung by the most popular singers without
evoking much applause, but when Miss Violet
Ludlow, accompanied by the hand of the
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the audience signified their approval in no
uncertain manner—the melody had captivated
them. It is captivating London.

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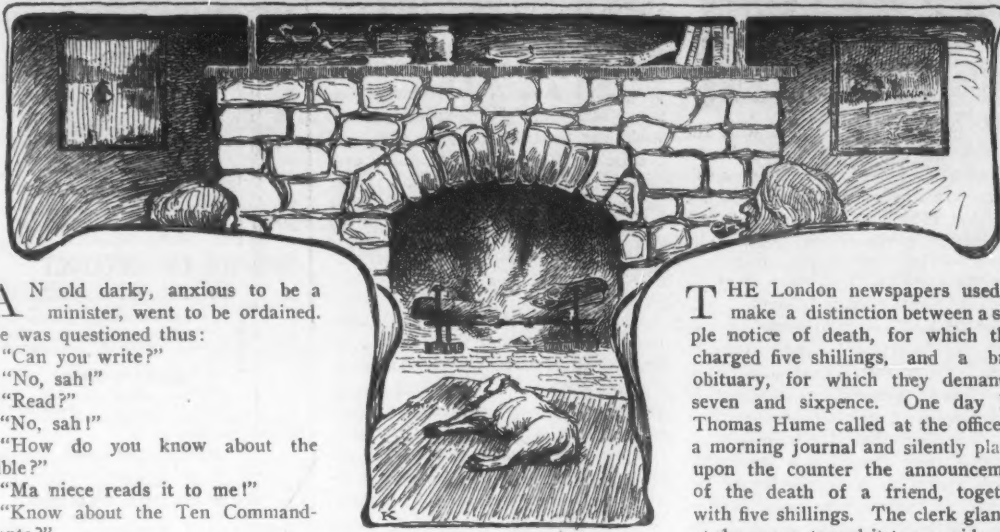
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A N old dorky, anxious to be a minister, went to be ordained. He was questioned thus:
"Can you write?"
"No, sah!"
"Read?"
"No, sah!"
"How do you know about the Bible?"
"Ma niece reads it to me!"
"Know about the Ten Commandments?"
"No, sah!"
"The twenty-third psalm?"
"Nebber heard of him, sah!"
"Know the Beatitudes?"
"No, sah!"
"Well, what part of the Bible do you like best?"
"Par'bles, sah!"
"Can you give us one?"
"Deed, yes, sah!"
"Let us have it, then."
"Once we'en the Queen of Sheba was gwine down to Jerusalem, she fell among thieves. First they passed her by on de oddah side, den dey come ovah an' dey say unto her, 'Fro down Jezabel!' but she wouldn't fro her down; and again dey say unto her 'Fro down Jezabel!' but she wouldn't fro her down; and again dey say unto her for de fird and last time, for I ain't gwine to ax you no mo', 'Fro down Jezabel!' and dey fro'd her down for seventy times and seven, till de remains were 'leven baskets; and I say unto yo, whose wife was she at de resurrection?"

ON the golf links of a popular Old Country club a novice was making gallant attempts to master the game.
"How far to the next hole, boy?" he asked the caddy.
"About a drive an' a putt, sir."
There was a silence, broken by a swishing blow and uncanny words.
Then the still, small voice of youth spoke: "The drive comes first, sir, no' the putt."

SOME of the West Indian islanders have learned that when a foreigner misbehaves on their shores it is better to suffer in silence than to mete out punishment at the risk of a descending gunboat from the miscreant's native land. A judge in Haiti, however, recently took occasion to pay off old scores and to redeem his self-respect in the case of an offender brought before him.
To his first question, as to the nationality of the accused, the interpreter had answered that the prisoner was from Switzerland.
"Switzerland!" said the judge, "and Switzerland has no sea coast has it?"
"No seacoast, your honor?" replied the interpreter.
"And no navy?" continued the judge.
"And no navy, your honor," was the reply.
"Very well, then," said the judge, "Give him one year at hard labor!"

THE battle was going against him. The commander-in-chief, himself ruler of the South American republic, sent an aide to the rear, ordering General Blanco to bring up his regiment at once. Ten minutes passed; but it didn't come. Twenty, thirty, an hour—still no regiment. The aide came tearing back hatless, breathless.
"My regiment! My regiment! Where is it?" shrieked the commander.
"General," answered the excited aide, "Blanco started it all right, but there are a couple of drunken Englishmen down the road and they won't let it go by."

A GRIZZLED old American colonel, who is a veteran of the Civil War and who had since seen hard active service in several Indian campaigns, the Arctic regions, the Spanish war and the Philippine insurrection, did not view with pleasure the recent promotion of younger and almost unknown officers who were jumped over his head. Strolling about his camp in the Philippines one day, he came upon one of his officers fondling a monkey.

"Colonel," said the officer, "this is the most remarkable monkey I ever saw. Why, he can take a stick and go through the manual of arms almost as well as one of the soldiers."

"Sh!" cautioned the colonel, glancing about in great alarm. "Don't tell anybody. Supposing the War Department heard of it? They'd make him a brigadier-general!"

MARTIN W. LITTLETON, the noted New York lawyer, recently said of an opponent: "Gentlemen, if you knew Blank as well as I do, you'd understand that when his mouth opens his brain ceases to work. He reminds me of a little steamer that used to run on the Missouri. The steamer had a seven-inch boiler and a twelve-inch whistle. The effect of this was that when the whistle blew the steamer stopped."

ONE day this summer some poor children were permitted to go over a fine stock farm, near a city, conducted as a hobby by a wealthy professional man, and when their inspection was done each of them was given a glass of milk.

The milk came from a \$2,500 cow. "How do you like it, boys?" asked an attendant, when the little fellows had drained their glasses.
"Fine! Fine!" said one youngster, with a grin of approval. Then, after a pause, he added:
"I wisht our milkman kept a cow."

A N artist went beyond the city one day recently to get impressions. When he had finished a scenic sketch of the stretch of woods skirting a suburban road, he looked up and beheld a serious-faced Irishman, whom he had previously noticed digging in a trench by the roadside, gazing queerly at his canvas.

"Well," said the artist familiarly, "do you suppose you could make a picture like that?"
The Irishman considered a moment, and with a deep sigh, answered: "Sure; a mon c'n do annything if he's driv to ut!"

OUT West a story is told of a desperate character who was arrested for murder. The man had assigned to defend him a shyster lawyer, whose appearance caused the prisoner to ask the judge:
"Is this my lawyer?"
"Yes," replied his Honor.
"Is he going to defend me?"
"Yes."
"If he should die, could I have another?"
"Yes."
"Can I see him alone in the back room for a few minutes?"

A MERCHANT of a certain small town one day entered the office of the editor of the only newspaper in the place. He was in a state of mingled excitement and indignation. "I'll not pay a cent for advertising this week!" he exclaimed. "You told me you would put the notice of my spring sale in with the reading matter."

"And didn't I do it?" asked the editor, with reassuring suavity.
"No, you didn't!" came from the irate merchant. "You put it in the column with a lot of poetry, that's where you put it!"

THE late King of Portugal was a sportsman and a good shot as well, and once at a dinner the rather inferior shooting of an English visitor was praised, and some one said: "And Lord Gadabout, you know, sends everything he shoots to the hospitals."

The king laughed, and taking the long black cigar from his lips, he said: "Naturally, since he never shoots anything but gamekeepers."

ONE day, Charles Baudelaire came to Maxime du Camp's rooms with his close-cropped hair dyed green. Du Camp affected not to notice it. Baudelaire did all he could to direct attention to it, and finally, as his friend persisted in not noticing it, he burst out:
"Don't you see anything strange about me to-day?"
Du Camp answered: "Not at all; lots of people have green hair."

Baudelaire left at once, disgusted.

THE London newspapers used to make a distinction between a simple notice of death, for which they charged five shillings, and a brief obituary, for which they demanded seven and sixpence. One day Dr. Thomas Hume called at the office of a morning journal and silently placed upon the counter the announcement of the death of a friend, together with five shillings. The clerk glanced at the paper, tossed it to one side, and said, gruffly: "Seven and six!" "I have frequently," answered Hume, "had occasion to publish these simple notices, and I have never before been charged more than five shillings." "Simple!" repeated the clerk without looking up, "there's an added line, 'universally beloved, and deeply regretted.' isn't there? Seven and six." Hume produced the additional half-crown and laid it deliberately by the others, observing in his most solemn tone, "Congratulate yourself, sir, that this is an expense which your executors will never be put to."

IN the English club at Hong Kong a white-haired old gentleman who had come down from some northern port was seated at dinner, when he suddenly became very excited. He had been brought a letter by a solemn-faced Chinese butler and he saw something on the outside of this letter which sent him downstairs two steps at a time to interview the hall porter. When he came back he told us what was the matter. The hall porter had inscribed on the envelope in Chinese for the information of the butler: "This is for the old baboon with white fur."

Unfortunately for the hall porter, the little gentleman was a first-class scholar in the Chinese language.

A N amusing story is told about a prisoner who was charged with felony at Bow street police court.

On his way to the police station he became quite confidential with his captor, and remarked:
"There is one thing I am sorry for."

"What is that?" said his captor, expecting to hear a confession.
"I had my hair cut last night," said the prisoner, in a dejected tone, "I might have saved that shilling. It's just my luck."

B LUMENTHAL, the great theatre manager of Berlin, was once talking with Tolstoi about Ibsen, and said: "I have a good many of his plays on the stage, but I can't say that I quite understand them. Do you understand them?"

"Ibsen doesn't understand them himself," Tolstoi replied. "He just writes them, and then sits down and waits. After awhile his expounders and explainers come and tell him what he meant."

SOME years ago an expedition from the University of Pennsylvania was sent down to one of the Southern States for the purpose of observing a solar eclipse.

The day before the event one of the professors said to an old darkey belonging to the household wherein the scientist was quartered:
"Tom, if you will watch your chickens to-morrow morning, you'll find that they'll all go to roost at eleven o'clock."

Tom was of course, sceptical; but at the appointed hour the heavens were darkened, and the chickens retired to roost. At this the negro's amazement showed no bounds, and he sought out the scientist.

"Professor," said he, "how long ago did you know dem chickens would go to roost?"
"About a year ago," said the professor, smilingly.

"Well, ef dat don't beat 'em!" was the darkey's comment. "Professor, a year ago dem chickens wasn't even hatched!"

THERE has recently been an outcry against the deterioration in modern letter writing, but the following epistolary triumph from a London tailor has leveled things up.

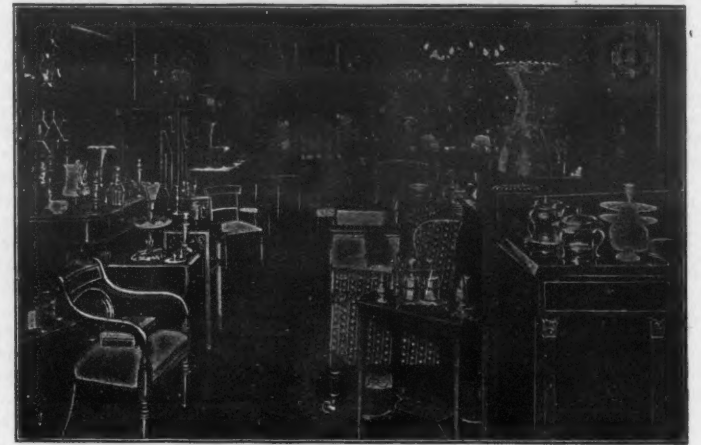
"I have to-day issued a writ against you," wrote a tailor whose letter was produced in Westminster county court yesterday, "for the amount of your bill. Trusting for a continuance of your esteemed favor, I remain, etc."

"Not for an age, but for all time"

The **ELGIN** WATCH is the world's timekeeper

Every Elgin watch is fully guaranteed. All jewelers have Elgin Watches. An interesting, illustrated booklet about watches, sent free on request to **ELGIN NATIONAL WATCH CO., Elgin, Ill.**

WHEN DECORATING YOUR HOME



just arrange to visit these beautiful display rooms; furniture of worth in all styles of finish; beautiful creations, all of them.

Also treasures in rare old Silverware and China.
B. M. & T. JENKINS, 422-424 Yonge St.
ANTIQUE FURNITURE
China and Silverware

A. Good Judge of Ale.

will tell you that there are no beverages on the market to-day, more pure, healthful and truly excellent than

ALLSOPP'S LAGER, PALE ALE AND STOUT
Bottled at the Brewery, Burton-on-Trent; and prepared by the most scientific and up-to-date methods.

Sole Agents for Canada:

Distillers' Agency Limited, Toronto.



WE STUDY

to do things better than anyone else. That's why we do. Our way of Cleaning and Pressing clothes is the best.

You better join the ranks of the wise ones. Get your name on our list. We do the rest.

"My Valet" FOUNTAIN THE TAILOR
Cleaner and Presser of Clothes
30-34 Adelaide Street West Phone Main 5800

G. H. MUMFORD
EXTRA DRY
IS THE MOST EXCLUSIVE AND ECONOMICAL
S. L. THOMPSON & CO. MONTREAL, QUEBEC

Fitting Glasses Artistically

We have heard a customer say: "Why, I didn't suppose they would make such a change in one's appearance. It is awfully good of you to take such pains and make them so becoming."

You may say "I don't care about the looks"; but really you do, and so do we.

We see to it that each and every pair of eyeglasses fitted becomes a good advertisement.

Bring your prescription and let us show you what we mean.



131 YONGE ST.



Wedding Cakes

from WEBB'S are unequalled for fine quality and artistic decoration.

They are shipped by express to all parts of Canada; safe arrival guaranteed.

Illustrated Catalogue Free

The Harry Webb Co. Limited
447 Yonge St., Toronto

Easter Gifts

Nothing is more appreciated than a beautiful plant or a box of pretty flowers.

We have these in immense quantities at reasonable prices.

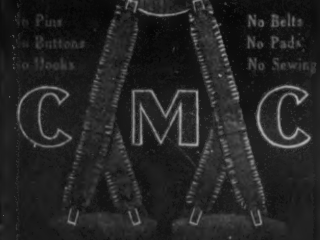
F. Simpson & Sons
734-738 Yonge St.
TORONTO

GET A METALLIC CEILING On Your Kitchen

Suitable for Store, Office or Home. Fire proof, Sanitary, Artistic. Expert workman ship, beautiful designs.

F. R. BAGLEY
Cor. King and Dufferin Sts.
Phone Park 800

CLASPS THE CORSET



† No matter how good your figure is, you can improve it by wearing C. M. C. HOSE SUPPORTERS.

† The two strands clasp the corset just exactly where their shaping influence is needed.

† And they clasp securely.

WESTWOOD & CO.

SUMMER COTTAGE TO LET
at Big Bay Point, Lake Simcoe. Six bedrooms, living room, outside dining room and kitchen, stone cellar; row-boat; comfortably furnished. Beautifully situated, lake frontage. Daily steamers. Apply Box 257, Barrie, Ont.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

THE usual family reunions and rejoicings are going on this week, the Easter holidays bringing a great many to town, and teas, luncheons and theatre parties being the order of the day. The cadets from Kingston, the students from Ridley, Port Hope and Hamilton, the politicians from Ottawa and many homecomers from the States have been enjoying the March-April weather provided by the vagaries of the Observatory.

Mr. Smith, of Moncton, came to town last week, and was, with his charming wife, a guest at one of the jolly dinners at the Hunt Club last Saturday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Macdonald have gone to Atlantic City for Easter. Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Vankoughnet are visiting Atlantic City, Washington and Baltimore.

Mr. Frank Jones has returned from Ottawa.

His Honor and Lady Mortimer Clark entertained at dinner on Saturday evening, in honor of Lady Kirkpatrick of Closeburn. Covers were laid for thirty-two, and the table was decorated with pink and white roses and maidenhair fern. Lady Clark wore a handsome gown of mauve satin, Lady Kirkpatrick wore grey chiffon velvet, and Miss Helen Kirkpatrick a white gown touched with black. The other guests invited were Lt.-Colonel and Mrs. Victor Williams, Lt.-Colonel and Mrs. John I. Davidson, Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Houston, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Cawthra, Mr. and Mrs. Lissant Beardmore, Captain and Mrs. Douglas Young, Mr. and Mrs. J. Gordon Macdonald, Mrs. Kirkland, Miss Slade, Miss Melvin Jones, Miss Adele Boulton, Mr. Wilkie, Mr. A. D. Braithwaite, Mr. Beardmore of Chudleigh, Professor Lang, Mr. Percy Hodgins, Mr. Cockshutt, Mr. Frank Darling, Mr. Kelly Evans, Major Macdonald, Mr. Cockshutt and Mr. Darling were not able to accept, but the party included all the others.

The Lieutenant-Governor and Lady Clark, with the Misses Mortimer Clark, are going to Hamilton on Tuesday for Mrs. P. D. Crerar's fête of flowers. In the evening the presence of the young ladies is hoped for at the Q. O. R. dance in the King Edward, which His Honor and Lady Clark will probably be too fatigued to attend.

The daffodil luncheon, that always attractive function in St. James' school house, will be one of the events of Easter week.

"An interesting debutante of the season," says Lorna, in the British Weekly, "is Lady Violet Elliot, youngest daughter of Lord and Lady Minto, who in appearance somewhat resembles her elder sisters, the Lady Eileen and the Viscountess of Errington, with the same firm, handsome features and expressive eyes. Lady Violet has been a great traveller. She has visited not only Canada, but Japan, North America and India." I wonder where Lorna thinks Canada is?

Miss Melvin-Jones returned last week from Ottawa.

Mr. and Mrs. George Hees are having a charming holiday. They have spent six weeks in Nice, where the weather has been perfect, and are now, I hear, in Monte Carlo.

Mrs. Harris Hees expects her mother, Mrs. Good, up for Easter from New York.

Mr. and Mrs. James Pummer will shortly take possession of Sylvan Tower, Rosedale, where extensive alterations will be made, preparing for their occupancy.

On Wednesday Mrs. Hugh Calderwood gave a charming luncheon for Mrs. Minty, of Winnipeg, and at which many of the guests were former residents of the Prairie City. The table was done in yellow, blending harmoniously with the green and cream tints of the new dining-room, and covers were laid for twelve, the guests including Mrs. Melvin Jones, Mrs. D. D. Mann, her guest, Miss McCullough, Mrs. McGregor Young, Mrs. Bruce Riordan, Mrs. Willson, Mrs. Lehmann, Mrs. Frank Anglin, Mrs. Angus Sinclair and Mrs. Shirley Denison.

A meeting to discuss the formation of a Canadian Club for women will be held on Tuesday afternoon. It is hoped the new Canadian Club may be as popular and powerful as its brother club, and that the brilliant speakers who have addressed the latter may be secured for the new coterie as well as any good things which may come along in future.

Mrs. Walter Barwick is going to Winnipeg for the marriage of her niece, Miss Galt.

Miss McCullough is visiting Mrs. D. D. Mann at her home in Kingston Road.

Miss Eileen Sinclair, whose long and trying illness of many months gave her family and friends so much sorrow and anxiety, is now convalescing very favorably, and is able to be downstairs for a short time each day. Her sweetness of disposition and patience in suffering have endeared her even more to all, and heartiest good wishes are offered for her restoration to complete strength.

The stork called last Friday upon Mr. and Mrs. Percy Scholfield, Elm avenue, with a nice little baby girl.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Sky returned to Port Dover this week, after a pleasant visit to their son, Mr. Russell Sky. Mr. Sky's health has been benefited by the change.

Owing to the Friday holiday these columns went to press a day earlier than usual, and several interesting items must be held until next week.

The marriage of Major James Elmsley and Miss Athol Boulton will be quietly celebrated on April 28. A small reception will be given after the ceremony by Mrs. Melfort Boulton. The bride-elect having not been very strong this year only very quiet entertainment will mark her wedding.

The death of Mr. Charles Lindsey, which took place on Sunday at the home of his son, 145 Tyndall avenue, removed from Toronto one of its landmarks, who for nearly forty years was Registrar of Deeds for this city. Mr. Lindsey's friends, many of whom still survive, always esteemed and admired his many attractive and sterling qualities, and in the younger days of his citizenship enjoyed many delightful hospitalities at "Foxley," when he and his clever wife (a daughter of Wm. Lyon Mackenzie and a sister of Mrs. John King) reigned in that fine residence. Mr. Lindsey's remains were interred on Tuesday afternoon at two o'clock in the Necropolis, a large number of friends attending the obsequies.

Dr. Leila Skinner was the guest of honor at a pretty tea given in the Teapot Inn last Saturday, as a by-product from the Women's Medical Association, before her marriage to Mr. H. B. Gordon. Daffodils decorated the quartette tables.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Marsh have their daughter, Marion, home from Ottawa for Easter.

Miss Janet Duff came to Toronto to sing at the Good Friday concert in Massey Hall last night. Mr. Harold Jarvis was also here for that event.

The Ladies' Club is now settled in new quarters in Yonge street arcade, and the members are very much pleased with the transformation Mr. Chadwick has made of the place. The rooms are dainty and artistic and a "silence room" has been arranged for readers and letter-writing, very much appreciated by the members. Many delightful little hospitalities are being enjoyed by members and their friends since the club has become settled in its new home.

The recital to have been given next Tuesday by Madame Le Grand Reed is postponed, as the prima donna had the misfortune to contract a severe cold, which isn't to be wondered at, considering the trying spring weather we're having.

Mrs. Dymont has returned from a delightful stay at Atlantic City, where all is gaiety and brightness.

Mrs. Alec Mackenzie will accompany the Benvenuto party on their visit to England next week.

England's Fields are Green.

ENGLAND'S cliffs are white like milk,
But England's fields are green;
The grey fogs creep across the moors,
But warm suns stand between.
And not so far from London Town beyond the brimming street
A thousand little summer winds are singing in the wheat.

Red-lipped poppies stand and burn,
The hedges are aglow;
The daisies climb the windy hills
Till all grow white like snow.
And when the slim pale moon slides up and dreamy night is near
There's a whisper in the beaches for lonely hearts to hear.

Poppies burn in Italy
And suns grow round and high;
The black pines of Posilipo
Are gaunt upon the sky—
And yet I know an English elm beside an English lane
That calls me through the twilight and the miles of misty rain.

Tell me why the meadow-lands
Become so warm in June;
Why the tangled roses breathe
So softly to the moon;
And when the sunset bars come down to pass the feet of day
Why the singing thrushes slide between the sprigs of May.

Weary, we have wandered back—
And we have travelled far—
Above the storms and over seas
Gleamed ever one bright star—
O, England, when our hearts grow cold and will no longer roam,
We see beyond your milk-white cliffs the round green fields of home.

—Lloyd Roberts in The Craftsman.

Ambassadors of Modern Means.

DR. HILL has been appointed American Ambassador to Berlin. There was a hitch on account, it was said, of the fact that he was comparatively a poor man, and unable to keep up sufficient state for the post. However, an official account from Washington says: The design of the President and the Secretary of State in choosing Dr. Hill was to choose the man who of all men in the diplomatic service was best fitted for this particular position, a position of the very first order in honor and responsibility, and one to which, therefore, it was deemed well to send a skilled diplomat, a student, a speaker of authority on international law, and a learned German scholar, who had served with signal ability as Assistant Secretary of State under Mr. John Hay, and as Foreign Minister in two successive posts, in the last of which he had rendered marked service in connection with The Hague Conference. The last four Ambassadors appointed, Mr. Riddle to Russia, Mr. Dudley to Brazil, Mr. O'Brien to Japan, and Dr. Hill to Germany, have all been men of moderate means, who in previous positions of lesser rank had shown especial fitness for duties in higher posts.

A Picturesque American.

HERE is a man whom Munsey's Magazine calls "one of the most picturesque figures in American public life"—Senator Beveridge. He began his life upon a farm. He has known poverty. He has worked with his own hands as a ploughboy. He has hauled lumber as a logger. He has lived the open-air life of a plainsman. He has been a college student, a law clerk, a practitioner of law, and at the age of thirty-six he became a Senator of the United States. Everyone recognizes in him a first-rate politician. In his forty-sixth year, he is one of the most picturesque figures in American public life, and stands in the vanguard of men who are doing things. Unless some untoward accident should intervene, it is safe to say that his career has only well begun. He is a profound believer in his own star. He is a man who can move only in one direction, and that is forward. To retrograde with him would be death. By his study of men, measures, and books, by the lessons of experience and the self-discipline of hard work, he is continually adding to his mental and political equipment.

The Electric Washer

YOU can now have all your washings done by electricity. The "1900" Electric Self-Working Washer does the washing—and serves the clothes. Any electric light current furnishes the power. You connect the washer just as you put an electric globe into its socket. Then to start the washer you turn on the electricity. The water, and soap, and the motion of the tub do the washing. And your clothes



30 Days' FREE Trial—Freight Prepaid

are washed quicker and easier, and more thoroughly and economically than you have ever had washing done before. This washer saves more than enough in a few months to pay its own cost, and then—it keeps right on saving. If you keep servants, they will stay with you contented, if you have a "1900" Electric Self-Working Washer to do the washing. Your servants will not have to dread wash-day drudgery. There won't be any discussion over the size of the washing. Laundry bills will be saved. Do not take our word for this. Let this Electric Washer sell itself to you. We will ship one of these "1900" Electric Self-Working Washers to any responsible party and prepay the freight. Take this washer and use it for four weeks.

Wash faces with it. Wash your heaviest blankets and quilts. Wash rugs. Then—if you are not convinced that the washer is all we say—don't keep it. Just tell us you don't want the washer, and that will settle the matter. We won't charge you anything for the use you have had of it. It costs you nothing. Let a "1900" Electric Self-Working Washer shoulder the drudgery of "Wash-Day"—save your clothes from wear and tear, and keep your servants contented. Ask for our Washer Book to-day.

S. N. L. BACH Manager.
The 1900 Washer Co., 355 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont. The above free offer can't apply in Toronto and suburbs, where special arrangements are made. 877

A SPRING TONIC

One's system at this time of the year requires something that will rid the system of waste tissue, cleanse the blood, and at the same time act as a tonic to build up the system and replace the waste tissue thrown off, by healthy invigorating tissue.

COOK'S TURKISH AND RUSSIAN BATHS

are that something you need. Start in at once to enjoy the greatest luxury one can indulge in. Cook's Baths are the most up-to-date on the continent, they are open day and night. A dainty bill of fare served at all hours.

202 and 204 King St. West.

Remodelling. - - - The Pember Store



THAT'S a good, honest reason for a good honest sale, in which all our very finest Pompadours, Bangs, Natural Wavy and Straight Hair Switches, Waves, Semi-Transformations, and Head Coverings are offered at most interesting price reductions. This Sale coming just at this time when Spring is in the air, offers a special chance to Ladies to apply their hair needs at a suitable substantial saving.

A Beautiful Store

This will be when the workmen complete their labors, a store even more worthy than ever to house the particularly fine and beautiful goods that have made Pember famous to all women, even by hearsay. Nothing lasts for ever; neither will this Sale. If you contemplate a purchase we would respectfully suggest that you will do better now than later on.

THE PEMBER STORE Quality Hair Goods
127-129 YONGE STREET

Easter Flowers

SEE OUR DISPLAY—10,000 EASTER LILIES

Choice Plants, Lilac Bushes, Rose Bushes, Azaleas, Hydrangeas, Spirea, Marguerites and Lily of Valley—in pots and pans nicely decorated.

Hampers and Baskets of pretty Flowering Plants artistically arranged with Fern and Ribbon.

CUT FLOWERS

4,000 Choicest Roses
2,000 Bunches Violets
5,000 Carnations
2,000 Daffodils
2,000 Tulips
3,000 Lily of the Valley

Simmon's
FLORIST
266 Yonge Street

WINES OF QUALITY

As we are direct importers of all our Wines we are in a position to offer you the best values at the lowest prices.

THE WM. MARA CO.

WINE MERCHANTS 79 YONGE ST., TORONTO
VAULTS—71, 73, 75, 77 and 79 Yonge St. and 2, 4, 6 and 8 King St. E.
Phones Main 1708 and Main 1709



CHAPS have no terrors for the girl who has a bottle of Campana's Italian Balm on her dressing table. Spite of March winds and raw air her hands are always white and smooth and her lips and cheeks soft. It's more than worth while to be sure you get the REAL Campana's Italian Balm, and not a substitute.

25c. at your Druggists'
E. G. WEST & CO. - - - TORONTO

Ideal Lawn Fence

The neatest and most serviceable lawn fence made. Manufactured from stiff, heavy steel wire, heavily galvanized. Better than wood or iron fences—cheaper. Write for particulars.

THE MCGREGOR BANWELL FENCE CO., LIMITED
DEPT. C.
Walkerville - - - Ontario

Brotherhood

NOT to be different, Lord,
I ask, from those that fare
Beside me on life's way,
But that my spirit shall accord
With their great purpose; that my
share
Wholly I may fulfil,
In thought and will;
And that the simple creed
Of all men's right
Within Thy sight,
I may affirm
By word and deed.

O save me from the blame
Of those who have forgot
Their brotherhood, and boast
Of worth ancestral, and feel shame
For such as bear the common lot.
Make me, dear God, to see,
If aught through me
Find favor in Thy ken,
'Tis but in part
The grace Thy Heart
Pours richly on
My fellow men.
—John D. Barry in Harper's Bazar.

The Approaching Military Tournament.

IN local military circles interest in the tercentenary celebration has, for the time at least, been eclipsed by the near approach of the Sixth Military Tournament of the Toronto Garrison, which is to be held in the armories on May 13, 14, 15 and 16.

The proceeds will be in aid of the South African Memorial Fund and the military men hope to make a showing towards this worthy object that will be quite substantial in character.

The programme as arranged comprises all the well known events and competitions that have served to render military tournaments so popular in the past, supplemented by gymnastic exercises and artillery drill by the cadets of the Royal Military College, physical drills by united teams from local regiments, "The Musical Drive," by B Battery Royal Canadian Horse Artillery, "The Musical Ride," by B. Squadron Royal Canadian Dragoons, "trooping the colors," "display of all arms," "march past" by the local regiments, and other such attractive features. The uniformed Cadet Corps of Toronto will also take part in the proceedings, and this new departure should prove highly interesting.

In the competitions for officers and for non-commissioned officers and men it is expected that there will be a number of contestants, not only from Ontario battalions, but from regiments in the other provinces as well. This will give an inter-provincial character and added interest to the contests.

It is the desire of those in charge of the tournament to make it an an-

Three Ladies, having comfortable home in Northern part of city, desire to rent bedroom and sitting room with board.

For further information, Phone N. 668.

nual affair, second only in importance to the Industrial Exhibition, and to this end no effort will be spared to render the combined entertainments of such a nature as will live in the memory of those who attend. Already society has placed the stamp of approval upon the tournament; and under the patronage of vice-royalty, and with the countenance and support of the leaders of the smart set, not alone in Toronto, but in other cities and towns in Ontario and throughout Canada, its success as a social function is already assured.

Why He Laughed.

AS the three acts of absurd twaddle progressed to their inane climax, the critic became more and more depressed by the undoubted inadequacy of the modern theatrical production.

The girls were pretty, as usual—the costumes were extravagant, as usual—the voices were mediocre, as usual—the lines were stupid, as usual. He was mentally searching for derogatory adjectives that had not been entirely worn out in previous opening-night denunciations.

It bothered the Critic not a little, therefore, to hear the unceasing and discordant laughter of a Human Being seated near him. He watched the fellow pityingly for a time, wondering at the peculiar order of understanding that must be possessed by one who took open delight in such patent idiocy.

Yet with each alleged jest that dropped witlessly from the lips of the performers, the Human Being relapsed into renewed seizures of mirth.

When the production was over the Critic resolved upon bold tactics. He approached the Human Being and extended his card.

"I represent the Morning Monitor," he said, "and it is my intention to review to-night's production for to-morrow's edition."

The Human Being was duly impressed. "It certainly was great," he asserted, with enthusiasm.

"Yes, I noticed you liked it," said the Critic, with a trace of irony, "But I want to ask just why?"

"Oh, I know that show was bad to-night just as well as you do. But there wasn't anything in it about reform. There wasn't a word in it about the necessity for reform. Nobody said the world was an awful place to live in. The characters didn't try to remind any one of the terrible responsibility of being alive. It was just a foolish little play, with light, frivolous lines and easy-going music."

The Critic smiled pleasantly. He felt that his judgment was vindicated at least.

"I will agree with you when I read your criticism to-morrow morning, stating that this show is bad," concluded the Human Being. "But just the same, I'm going to bring my wife down here to-morrow evening and see the whole thing again."—Life, New York.

Ibsen has invaded the sacred precincts of the select school for young ladies in the guise of a "Course in Northern Literature." In one of these establishments a blonde beauty taking the Ibsen course recently remarked to her instructor: "I don't think Ibsen knew much about dramatic art. I've just been to see 'The

Master Builder,' and they wore the same costumes all the way through." The astonished instructor swallowed quickly and responded: "Don't judge Ibsen by one play. In 'Hedda Gabler' they wear morning, afternoon and evening clothes. It's really quite dressy."—Bellman.

On Tuesday evening next in Guild Hall, Miss Winnifred Parker, pupil of Owen A. Smiley, will give her first public recital. Miss Parker's fitness for a public career has already been evidenced by the manner in which she played the difficult role of Bertha in the "Cricket on the Hearth" presented by the Dickens Fellowship Company of players both here and in the Russell Theatre, Ottawa, at the Governor-General's competition. The two assisting artists are both Canadians who have achieved distinction abroad, Mrs. Ruby Harkness-Hamilton, soprano, of Detroit, who is now touring the United States, and Mr. Charles R. Crowe, accompanist, late of Leipzig.

LOW RATES NORTHWEST.

Canadian Pacific Homeseeker's excursions to the Northwest leave Ontario Tuesday, April 23rd and every second Tuesday following until the end of September. 60-day return tickets are issued for these excursions at special low rates, ranging from \$32.00 Winnipeg return, to \$42.50 Edmonton return, and embracing all the most important Northwest points. The C. P. R. has issued a Homeseekers' pamphlet, giving rates, dates and full information. Free copies may be obtained of any agent of the company, or direct from C. B. Foster, Dist. Pass. Agent, Toronto.

NEW LONDON OFFICES.

Patrons of the Allan Line will find the new offices recently opened at 5 1-2 Pall Mall and No. 1 Royal Opera Arcade, London, conveniently located for the exchange of return tickets and the bookings of return accommodations whether by steamers of the company from Liverpool, London or Glasgow.

The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.

THORNE—At Cottage Hospital, Toronto, Sunday, April 12, to Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Thorne, of Pembroke street, a son.

MACKINNON—At Cottage Hospital, Toronto, April 13, to Mr. and Mrs. Ross B. Mackinnon, a daughter.

SCOTT—In Toronto, April 10, to Rev. and Mrs. George Scott, a son.

MARRIAGES.

ARMSTRONG-BUCHANAN — At Goderich, April 8, Olive May Buchanan, B.A., of Goderich, to Chas. Henry Armstrong, B.A., of Campbellford.

KENT-OCKLEY—In Barrie, April 8, L. Pauline, eldest daughter of Rev. J. F. Ockley, D.D., of Barrie, to Mr. R. Frank Kent, of Meaford.

CURRAN-GRAY—At Orillia, April 11, Edith Gwendoline, daughter of Mr. John Curran, to Mr. Chas. F. Gray, of Hamilton.

BRERETON-ROSS — At Cannington, Ont., Nellie, daughter of Mr. D. Ross, to T. Cloudsley Brereton, M.D., C.M., of Carduff, Sask.

CLARK-PATTERSON—In Toronto, April 8, Clara Ella Patterson, of Milton, to Arthur Samuel Clark, of Lansing.

DEATHS.

PRICE—On 14th inst., from result of accident at Victoria Mine, Ontario, at Montreal General Hospital, Herbert Lawrence Price, son of Herbert Molesworth Price, of Montmorency Falls, Quebec, aged 25 years.

MOWAT—At Rochester, N. Y., April 11, Jessie Bruce, widow of the late George L. Mowat, barrister-at-law, Kingston, Ont.

MOWAT—In Toronto, April 9, Lucy Watson Greig, wife of Frederick Mowat, sheriff of Toronto.

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LALLY—In Toronto, April 11, Conrad C. W. Lally, son of the late Edmond S. Lally, of Barrie.

MOFFAT—In Toronto, April 11, Margaret C. T. Dickie, widow of the late Rev. Robert C. Moffat, D. D., aged 76 years.

KERR—At Pickering, Ont., April 12, George Kerr, late manager Western Bank, aged 80 years.

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Society at the Capital

PREPARATIONS for Easter jaunts or for receiving Easter visitors have, for the greater part, occupied the attention of society in general for the past week, and consequently the social programme has to a certain extent suffered. The majority of events which have taken place were especially for the many sessional visitors who are still with us.

AMONG those who, within the last few days, have gone to join the contingent of Ottawans already in New York, the majority of whom will remain until after Easter, are Mrs. Hugh Fleming, who left early in the week; Mrs. Alex. Hill, who, while there, is the guest of the Misses Van Dusen, recent visitors in the Capital; and Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Borden, who left on Thursday. Others will follow during the present week, among whom will be Mr. and Mrs. Clive Pringle, Mr. and Mrs. Jackson Booth, and the usual army of excursionists who take advantage of the Easter rates to have a little outing.

LADY SYBIL GREY, accompanied by her cousin, Lady Mary Parker, left on Monday for a visit to Washington and North Carolina.

THERE will be a general exodus of Senators, Members of Parliament and others whose temporary abode during the session is in Ottawa, for their respective homes for the Easter vacation, and already many have gone.

A MOST enjoyable week-end dinner was given by Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier, their guests being almost entirely made up of political celebrities, including Hon. R. and Madame Lemieux, Hon. William and Mrs. Pugsley, Mr. Hugh Guthrie, M.P., and Mrs. Guthrie, of Guelph; Mr. J. G. Turfitt, M.P., and Mrs. Turfitt; Mr. McCraney, M.P., and Mrs. McCraney, of Rosthern, Sask.; Mr. Macdonald, M.P., and Mrs. Macdonald, of Pictou, N.S.; Mr. T. B. Caldwell, M.P., and Mrs. Caldwell, of Lanark; Mr. D. J. MacDougall, M.P., and Miss Melvin Jones, who is their visitor at present. The table was beautifully arranged with a wealth of pink carnations and white hyacinths.

ANOTHER bright event, at which several welcome visitors whom the session brings to the capital were the principal guests, was a luncheon on Wednesday, Mrs. Templeman, wife of the Minister of Inland Revenue, being the charming hostess. Those present were: Madame Dandurand, Mrs. H. Bostock, of Monte Creek, B.C.; Mrs. R. G. Macpherson, of Vancouver, B.C.; Mrs. T. B. Caldwell, Mrs. W. A. Galliher, of Nelson, B.C.; Mrs. J. G. Turfitt, Mrs. Edward Macdonald, of Pictou, N.S.; Mrs. T. F. Frost, of Smith's Falls; Mrs. de Veber, of Lethbridge, Alta.; Mrs. W. Mackenzie, Mrs. C. A. Ross, of Sydney, N.S.; and Miss Mary Scott.

MRS. R. L. BORDEN was also the hostess of a small luncheon on Wednesday, given in special honor of a young visitor from Halifax, N.S., Miss Dorothy Duncan, and those invited to meet her were: Miss Alice Bell, Miss Mary Davies, Miss Marjorie Macpherson, Mrs. Leslie Macoun and Mrs. Hammett P. Hill, Jr.

MRS. C. SCHREIBER entertained at a *recherche* luncheon on Thursday, at which all the guests were glad to greet the hostess' mother, Mrs. Gwynne, looking wonderfully well. Those who enjoyed this smart little gathering were Mrs. Exshaw, who expects to return to her home in France directly after Easter; Mrs. L. K. Jones, Mrs. J. A. Smellie, Miss Mary Scott, Mrs. F. D. Monk, of Montreal, and Miss Monk.

THE largest affair of the week and one of the pleasantest of the season was a brilliant reception at which Mrs. T. F. Frost, wife of the popular Senator, entertained in the handsome drawing-room in the Senate Apartments on Wednesday afternoon. Palms and ferns and fragrant blossoms decorated the reception room, and the long corridor was utilized as a tea-room. Here a generous supply of daffodils and tulips were prettily arranged on the table, where Mrs. Robertson, of Montague, P.E.I., and Mrs. Templeman poured tea and coffee and Miss Mary Scott, the Misses Fielding, the Misses Claire and Anna Oliver, Miss Marion Rudnick, Miss McGregor, of New Glasgow, and Miss McKen moved

about among the many guests with ices and tempting dainties. Hon. Mr. Frost received with his wife, and a number of Cabinet Ministers, Senators and Members of Parliament, who are generally altogether too busy during the afternoons to take part in such frivolities, made a very welcome addition to the assemblage.

YET another very charming gathering was added to the week's list of what we are in the habit of calling "sessional" entertainments, when Hon. R. F. and Mrs. Sutherland, on Thursday evening, gave a particularly well-arranged dinner of forty covers in the Speaker's Apartments in the House of Commons. The floral decorations were especially beautiful, and among the guests were Sir Louis and Lady Davies, Sir Sandford Fleming, Hon. S. N. and Madame Parent, Hon. A. B. and Mrs. Aylesworth, Mr. Justice Cassels, Mr. Justice and Mrs. MacLennan, Mr. Justice and Mrs. Duff, Hon. Mr. and Miss Melvin Jones, Hon. T. F. and Mrs. Frost, Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Riley, Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Ellis, Dr. and Mrs. Montizambert, Dr. and Mrs. Doughty, Dr. and Mrs. Bonar, Mr. Justice Mabey, Dr. and Mrs. Robert Bell, Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. D. T. Irwin, Mr. J. G. and Mrs. Foster, Dr. and Mrs. Gibson, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Reid and Miss Fielding.

MRS. TOLLER also entertained at luncheon on Thursday when her guests included Mrs. R. L. Borden, Mrs. William Pugsley, Mrs. (Col.) Irwin, Mrs. Bonar, Mrs. J. S. Ewart, Mrs. Edward Fauquier, Mrs. Somerset Graves, Mrs. E. H. T. Hewar, Mrs. Molson Crawford, Mrs. Fred Powell and Mrs. D. W. Ruthford.

AN interesting engagement has just been announced and is that of Miss Bessie Dowsley, eldest daughter of Dr. and Mrs. D. H. Dowsley, of Cooper street (formerly of Kingston), to Mr. Kenneth MacLaren, of Prince Albert, Sask., youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. David MacLaren, of Frank street. Mr. Kenneth MacLaren is at present in town spending a holiday with his parents.

THE CHAPERONE.
Ottawa, April 13, 1908.

What the Poet Meant.

"LIVE, laugh and love," is what the poet said.
An' he was long on wisdom when he spoke;
Says he, "You'll be a mighty long time dead."

No matter if you're well or sick abed,
No matter if you're flush or stoney broke;
"Live, laugh and love" is what the poet said.

If you should want to grouch, just grin instead;
They'll let you know in lots of time to croak;
Says he, "You'll be a mighty long time dead."

Forget it, bo, there's lots of tears been shed,
Best brighten up your lamps an' see the joke;
"Live, laugh and love," is what the poet said.
Says he, "You'll be a mighty long time dead."

—James P. Haverson, in The New York Sun.

DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING TEA.

Warm the teapot (crockery is best). Put in a teaspoonful of "Salada" Tea for every two cups. Pour on freshly boiled water and allow it to steep (not boil) for five to eight minutes. Pour the liquor off the leaves into another teapot and serve. When made in this way, if kept warm, "Salada" Tea will retain its delicious flavor for hours. On account of its delicious strength a pound of "Salada" will go as far as a pound and a quarter of other teas.

The analytic and dramatic recital, "The Beauties of Shakespeare," to be given at the Hall of the Conservatory of Music on Monday evening next, by Prof. P. J. Duggan, the Shakespearean actor and scholar, is one deserving the patronage of all lovers of the works of the great dramatist. The recital should especially appeal to educationists and students, as Prof. Duggan reads new and illuminative meanings into disputed passages of Shakespeare.

"When I first knew that man," said the observant waiter, "he couldn't have been making more than \$1,000 a year. I'll bet it's \$10,000 now."

"How do you know?" asked the other.

"He used to give a fifty-cent tip, but now he only gives me a nickel," —Philadelphia Press.

Cost of Presentation at Court

THE first Court of the season has just been held at Buckingham Palace, when hundreds of society's "upper crust" were presented to their Majesties. Few outside the charmed circle, says the London Tit-Bits, realize the weeks of anxiety which a presentation at court entails, or the expense for court dress, etc., which it involves.

As soon as the happy debutante receives the official invitation card announcing the date of the court, along with the dress regulations, she has to live practically in the saloons of the court dressmaker deciding the materials and trimmings she desires.

Although the necessary expenditure on court dress is no small matter, it is frequently exaggerated. Certainly £1,000 has been paid for a court costume and 30 guineas for a bouquet, and £20 as the cost of a lace handkerchief. In fact, the presentation outfit of a rich American bride cost over £1,600. Contrasted with this, another dainty debutante went to last year's court in attire which only cost her a £10 note. Her gown, train and underclothing were made by her maid and her bouquet came from her own garden.

The average cost of the presentation of a lady of good position varies from £200 to £250. But the girl who has to practice economy need not worry on the score of expense, for it is a recognized thing that while some wealthy ladies may expend hundreds, and perhaps well exceed £1,000, on their outfit, girls of humble means can do the thing in style for £35. In this case the lady must borrow her court train from one of the West End establishments doing business in this way. Many noble ladies have done this, and a perfect dream can be secured for about three guineas. The allowance for a court gown in this case would be from ten to twelve guineas; the petticoat and underclothing, corsets, silk stockings, satin shoes, veil and feathers, cloak, gloves, bouquet and lace handkerchief would require another £15, and the hairdresser, manicurist and face masseuse would cost another guinea. This is about the cheapest presentation dress and toilet possible.

On arrival at the palace the guest is shown into one of two large, long rooms hung and carpeted in crimson and furnished with countless rows of small white chairs, on which sit the waiting ladies. Here they are subjected to the keen gaze of the court officials to see if they are all dressed "according to regulations." The court is not an Adamless Eden, however, for there are scores of gentlemen of the Corps Diplomatique in their handsome blue and gold court dress and the striking uniforms of the gentlemen-at-arms.

At a given signal the strains of "God Save the King," are struck up by the band, which signifies that the King and Queen have entered the throne room, and immediately the sitters rise to their feet. The court is an evening function and the first presentation is made at 10 o'clock. When the royal party is ready a gentleman usher appears on the scene and requests the first row of ladies to follow him. In single file each passes on before a row of magnificent giants in scarlet and steel with drawn swords until trains are let down and they sweep into the throne room.

A court official announces each person's name and the introducer, and then alone amid a blaze of splendor, a subject stands before her sovereign. A deep but rather quick courtesy is made, and another, only less deep, to the Queen. The kissing of hands over, they pass away from the presence. During this walk the back must not be turned on the King and Queen, but they must retreat from the throne in a peculiar sidelong, sliding step which the cautious debutante will do well to practice before the event.

At the door the train is rolled up by another official and placed over her shoulders, after which the affair is conducted like an evening party. At midnight a move is made for the supper rooms. The royal party do not sup with the general circle, but retire, accompanied by a few personal friends, to their private apartments. Supper over, the ladies leave the palace and proceed to the West End studios, specially kept open for the occasion, where they are photographed in all the glory of their full court gowns.

Conductor (to bus driver, who has been pulling up constantly within the last few hundred yards)—Bad times for cobbles, Bill. People ain't wearin' their boots out much. 'Ere's a bloke wants yer to pull up agen at the next 'ouse wi' the blue blinds.

Social and Business Dress



A Book which tells of Masterly Tailoring by Men Tailors

SEMI-READY TAILORING now represents the best there is in the art sartorial. The Company has recently published a booklet entitled "How Men Should Dress," and the assurance is given that Semi-ready Clothes are better than the pictures of them.

The Dress Frock and the Morning Coat vie with each other for precedence this year, but their respective places in a man's wardrobe are well defined. Semi-ready Frock Coats (with vest) are shown in \$25 and \$30 qualities. At \$30 the coat is all silk-lined.

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Driver (sarcastically)—Ho, yus! Ask 'im which part o' the 'ouse 'e'd like to be druv to—inter the parlor wi' the family, or hup to 'is room in the hattie. We're only 'ere to er-blige.—Punch.

"What would you do if you was one o' dese millionaires?" said Meandering Mike. "I 'spose," answered Plodding Pete, "dat I'd get meself

a golf outfit an' walk fur pleasure instid o' from necessity."—Washington Star.

Anent the swarm of incompetents who aspire to office. John Temple Graves tells this story: While traveling one time he noticed a little yellow cur which was pursuing the train with loud barks and every sign of displeasure. An old farmer just in

front of Mr. Graves was greatly amused at the sight, and, turning around, he said: "I wonder what he'd do with it if he caught it?"—Lippincott's Magazine.

Wallie—Next to a woman, what is the most nervous thing you know? Willie (ungrammatically)—Me—next to a woman.—Somerville Journal.



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New Stories About Whistler

WILLIAM M. CHASE, the New York artist, has been telling some characteristic and interesting stories about his friend Whistler, which show, in some measure, the two opposite sides of his peculiar nature, and lend an intimate touch to the friendship which existed between the two great American artists. Mr. Chase, while travelling about Europe in 1888, became fascinated with Whistler's "Little Miss Alexander," which he happened to see for the first time in the Grosvenor Gallery in London. Obtaining the painter's address, he determined to hunt out Whistler, and several months later he found himself knocking upon his door. To quote a writer in the New York Sun:

"The door was at once opened," said Mr. Chase, "by an alert little man, who, after eying me sharply for a moment, said: 'You are Chase, aren't you?'"

"Yes," I answered in amazement, "but how did you know?"

"Oh, I have heard the boys talk about you," returned Whistler.

"As to my letter, he tossed it on a couch, unopened, and so far as I know he never looked at it during the whole of my stay in London."

"After inquiring what I intended to do next, he told me not to be in a hurry to go to Madrid, because there were some pictures of his in London that I ought to see. He then conducted me to an exhibition of his works in Bond street, and devoted himself so exclusively to me that I became quite puffed up."

"During the next few days he directed me to several houses where some of his best pictures were to be seen, refusing to accompany me on the ground that he had quarreled with the people and wouldn't be admitted. One of the pictures I saw was the famous 'Woman in White,' that the owner would not now part with for a hundred thousand dollars. That picture, by the way, was in this country a few years ago and could have been purchased by the Metropolitan Museum for a small sum. This same 'Woman in White' was also turned down by the Paris Salon. Whistler told me that the day the exhibition was opened he looked in vain for the picture on the walls, and finally, seeing it propped up face outward on the floor against one of the pillars among other rejected canvases, he felt rested and went home."

After spending a fortnight with Whistler, Mr. Chase was surprised one day to have him suggest that they paint each other's portrait. As the writer continues:

With a wry face Mr. Chase admitted that after the first week they had a row every day. The arrangement was that they should paint the portraits simultaneously and whichever one happened to be especially in the mood should paint while the other posed. Whistler was always especially in the mood, so Chase did most of the posing, and was kept at it so long, because of Whistler's fancy for working far along into the dusk, that he grew almost to hate the master.

One evening just as Whistler had screamed out "This is beautiful, Colonel (for so he had come to call him), beautiful!" the long-suffering sitter reminded him that he had an engagement to dine with Lady Blank.

"Dine!" retorted Whistler contemptuously. "Do you suppose I am going to leave a beautiful thing like this just at the crucial moment in order to go and eat with a lot of stupid persons? I'll go later, and they'll be glad enough to see me when I arrive."

It was when Whistler was most natural, Mr. Chase says, that he was most eccentric. One day while on their way to keep an important engagement he stopped to re-arrange a greengrocer's stock artistically. An appointment had been made for the sale of some pictures. We read:

The matter was arranged satisfactorily, but when the day came on which Whistler had an appointment to meet his client at a bank where the money was to be paid to him, the artist was engrossed in showing Mr. Chase certain sketches and had to be reminded several times that he would be late and likely to miss his man. He insisted upon Chase accompanying him, and as soon as they were seated in a hansom struck the horse with his long walking-stick and sent him off at a gallop, with resultant profanity on the part of the driver. Mr. Chase said that this incident explained to him what he had frequently noticed, but had not understood—that cabbies never seemed anxious to catch his friend's eye.

After a while Whistler again used the walking-stick to convey the information that he wished to stop, and

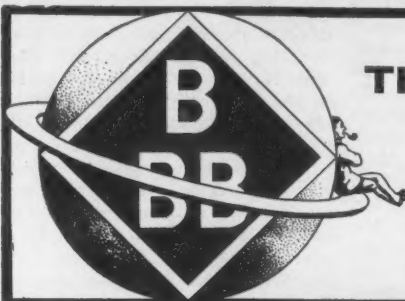
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AN old negro preacher gave as his text—"De tree is known by his fruit, an' hit des onpossible ter shake de 'possum down."

After the benediction, an old brother said to him, "I never knowed befo' dat such a text was in de Bible."

"Well," admitted the preacher, "hit ain't 'xactly sot down dataway. I th'owed in de 'possum ter hit de intelligence er my congregation!"

A COLORED parson, calling upon one of his flock, found the object of his visit out in the back yard working among his hen coops. He noticed with surprise that there were no chickens.

"Why, Brudder Johnson," he asked, "where are your chickens?"

"Huh," grunted Johnson, without looking up, "some fool niggah left de do' open and dey all went home."



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TORONTO

HAMILTON

WINNIPEG

as the hansom drew up to the curb he exclaimed:

"Chase, look at that greengrocer's. Isn't it beautiful? I think, though, that I will have him move that box of oranges farther to the right so that they will come next to that green."

Thereupon he alighted and conferred with the grocer, who complied with his suggestion.

Needless to say, the man with the check was indignant when the artist reached the bank, but Whistler soon succeeded in propitiating him.

Bill—I see in a favorable wind a fox can scent a man at a distance of one-quarter of a mile. Jill—Of course he could scent him farther if the man happened to be in an automobile.—Yonkers Statesman.

A BOY'S VACATION.

A novel booklet has just been issued by the Grand Trunk Railway entitled: "What shall a boy do with his Vacation?" The book answers this annual puzzle in a manner that should prove satisfactory alike to parents and boys. The idea developed by the brochure is the establishment of boys' camps in the wilderness, where the youngsters could live under canvas and get a genuine bit of simple life, with plenty of fishing, swimming, rowing and other outdoor sports, while instruction in woodcraft and such nature studies make the camps veritable schools of the wilds, such as would rejoice the hearts of Dr. Long, President Roosevelt or other advocates of the simple life. The booklet tells of many such camps

in the Temagami, Lake of Bays, Algonquin Park and other districts, with illustrations of the way the boys spend their time and the fish they catch, which should prove attractive to a good many besides boys. A postal card to the undersigned will secure a copy without cost. J. D. McDonald, D.P.A., Union Station, Toronto, Ont.

"With their delicacy of touch," said a speaker at Swanley, "their sensibility to all that is beautiful in form and color, their natural reverence for all that is good, women are eminently fitted for gardening and horticulture." But when the moment for going round and borrowing the neighbor's garden roller comes, then the man steps forward.—Exchange.